

P O E M S,

WITH

EDWIN AND CATHERINE,

OR

THE DISTRESSED LOVERS.

A T R A G E D Y.

By THOMAS SCOTT.

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd,
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight.

THOMSON.

P A I S L E Y:

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M,DCC,XCIII.

P O E M R S

THE BRITISH MUSEUM



TO

THE HONOURABLE

SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE, M. P.

THE FOLLOWING WORK

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



A D D R E S S

TO THE

P U B L I C.

THE noblest Bard that ever woo'd a muse,
Or tun'd a lyre, or taught the list'ning world,
At first, with dubious views, and trembling heart,
Resign'd his bark to the swell'd critic wave.
He knew the storms of keen-wing'd censure watch'd,
To tear with hungry howl his flag of Fame.
He knew the jetty surge would lash and stain
What he, perhaps, the fairest beauty deem'd.

How then shall I, a simple youth, presume
To brave the dangers of this nicer age,
Where all are cloy'd by the incessant round
Of dainties, suited to their ev'ry taste,
Demanding something new, more sweeten'd cates,
Which scarce are possible for man to give.

Hence the vast croud of cav'ling critics rise ;
 With emulation fir'd, to work they fly,
 Dissect and rudely search each offer'd dish,
 Heighten each blemish, and oft quite condemn.
 Ah me ! I shrink ! But are there not a few
 Whose breasts with nobler feelings warmly glow,
 Who cherish Nature's ev'ry infant bud,
 And with a smile receive the tender thought ?—
 There surely are : with these Britannia shines
 The first on earth : to these I now appeal ;
 To these commit my stripling, roughly clad,
 In hopes their candour will its life protect.

Steep, long, and rugged, is the path to Fame ;
 And to her lofty summits few can climb.
 To harmonize the lyre demands an art
 That's rarely gain'd ; but yet th' attempt
 Is surely laudable ; and I'm convinc'd
 The task is ever pleasing. To evade
 The snares of youth, and leave the bustling world
 A while behind, I've often hail'd the eve,
 And sought a silent grove, or plaintive stream,
 Where to instruct and cheer the mind. I begg'd
 The friendly visits of some humble muse.

Sometimes I've thought she smil'd; but, ah! perhaps
'Twas but the ruddied face of passing cloud.
But ye shall judge anon. As the fond girl
Is inly torn with wild conflicting pangs,
When from her arms fame bids her lover haste
To plow the deep, and seek the hostile plain,
So stand I trembling, anxious of the fate
Of this my young adventurer, now launch'd
Into the surges of the pop'lous world.

Sometimes I've thought the world
I was born the end of the world
But now I know I'm not
It's a town with a heart
When from the street I look out
To see the sun and the moon
So bright and clear
Of the many things I've seen
This is the world I'm born in

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R E F L E C T I O N S

ON

S P R I N G.

ON the soft pinions of the vernal air,
Array'd in youthful charms, serenely fair,
Spring gently comes. Hail, mildest goddess, hail!
May no rude stormy gale thy steps assail;
But undisturb'd thy peaceful throne ascend,
And scatter blessings with unsparing hand.
O teach my youth! as thro' the grove I walk,
Or to the stream, or list'ning echo talk,
Whether thy music charms, thy beauties glow,
Thy show'rs distil, or thy fresh odours blow;
In ev'ry varied scene teach me to find
The best improvement to my song, and mind;
May every object virtuous thoughts inspire,
And warm my bosom with celestial fire.

B

See angry Winter calls his blasts away,
But dubious yet they only half obey;
Yet less severe, their intervals are fill'd
With quick'ning breezes, nourishing and mild,
Dissolving snows in fertilizing floods
Stream down the hills, and thunder thro' the woods.
Earth drinks her fill: the rest rolls to the main,
Whence by the sun exhal'd, it comes again
In sweet descending show'rs: each northern isle
Wakes with new life, and seems again to smile.

O Sun, all-cheering orb, how great thy pow'rs,
How vast thine empire is! what golden show'rs
Of influencing rays, each moment fall
From thee, on each surrounding subject ball!
Yet still the same rich inexhausted fund,
Spending, unspent, and flaming, unconsum'd!
Thee heathen sages prostrate fall before,
Invoke thy favours, and thy might adore;
Devoutly warm, their orisons they give
To thee, in songs each morn, high-noon, and eve.

When o'er their shrines high-hov'ring hangs
the Muse,
Her gen'rous bosom would their crimes excuse;

When plung'd in ignorance, that gloomy night,
And only led by Nature's feeble light,
Where shall they look for a superior god,
To this refulgent, world-reviving globe!
For what would earth be by his beams ungrac'd?
A lifeless lump, a boundless arid waste;
Without him all old Ocean's waves would rise,
In icy mountains piled to the skies.
Commerce, the loveliest goddess of the main,
Would in the gen'ral wreck be crush'd and slain.
The planetary worlds, with all their share
Of wealth and lustre, wanly would despair;
Remove that solar pow'r, the system then
Would hear old Chaos call it his domain.

If such thy greatness, O thou king of day!
If such thy glory, such thy princely sway!
What then, O what must thy Creator be,
Who thousands struck from darkness great as thee?
Omnipotence! how must thy glory shine,
'Mid dazzling seraphs, each a sun divine;
Thyself the centre of all radiance bright,
Ineffable in uncreated light!
Yon brilliant spark, which I beheld arise,
Hath a few circles measur'd round the skies:

A few more stages, and his lamp of light,
Sinks in the socket of eternal night.
But thou for ever, from eternity ;
My thoughts run giddy round, where shall they fly ?
Should fancy backward burst created bounds,
And trace the vast immeasurable rounds
Of pre-existence ; thereby to declare
When first the co-eternal Godhead were ;
Beam behind beam would meet her dazzled eyes,
Still stretching, still more ancient glories rise ;
Bewilder'd searching, the presumpt'ous Dame,
Confounded more, might drop th' amazing theme.

Yet wonder, mortals, tremble, and adore ;
If that's stupendous, here's amazement more
To man (whose crimes I yet shall sing) that God,
Great beyond thought, is beyond fancy good.
He left the bosom of immortal bliss,
For a rude scene of care and keen distress ;
Vail'd his divinity in human clay,
And in a manger's narrow bottom lay ;
The curfed tree did him in air suspend ;
Shut out from earth, from heav'n deny'd a friend.
Strange ! that a cross should agonize his nerves,
Who Nature strengthens, actuates, preserves !

Amazing love! too deep for men to know,
Did ever God in mercy stoop so low?
Yes; he a lower step did deign to come,
To dwell in mansions of the dreary tomb.
But shall the stern tenacious monarch still
Detain the glorious captive at his will?
Shall his ambitious pride still gain the sway
O'er him, the chief of his long hunted prey?
No, surely no: the third revolving sun
Had scarce his blue ethereal track begun,
When he untainted, and unhurt, arose,
Gave life to men and vanquish'd all his foes.
Nor does he stay in the rough scene below,
Where thirty tedious years had told his woe,
But like a conqu'ring victor bears the wreath
Of all his triumphs, rich in spoils of death,
To crown his brows on his imperial throne;
While Hell's proud princes rear beneath his frown.
Behold him mounting on a silver cloud,
While choirs of angels hymn his deeds aloud.
Each scar they praise, which drops as he ascends,
The best of med'cines on his ransom'd friends.
These hands, which but so lately tortur'd were,
The sting, keys, chains of Death and Hell now bear.

Majestic greatness beams in ev'ry nod,
Immensify proclaims him to be God.
Let quick-ey'd faith now view him take the seat
At the right hand of his own Father great,
Exalted far 'bove highest heav'nly pow'r,
Far, far above, where wond'ring thought can soar.
Array'd in honours yet not unemploy'd,
His mission still by no means can be void,
But full of eloquence each wound does plead
The cause of these for which they ever bleed;
And when the sun brings forth the latest morn,
That God once dead shall fill a judgment throne,
Sweeping his en'mies in a flood of wrath,
To flames of woe enkindled by his breath,
Raising the righteous, for whom he died,
Up to himself for ever to abide.

O Fame! where's now thy heroes so renown'd,
Whom thou'st with kingdoms and with laurels
crown'd?

They whose undaunted, enterprising worth,
Made them rever'd and known as gods on earth?
Why do I name them here? they find a grave
Beneath the foam of Lethe's sluggish wave.

How then should I, when heathens praise and love
With so much zeal the sun I sung above,
Which must ere long on them forget to rise,
Ere long shall fail to deck their friendly skies;
How should I dread, revere, obey, and love
That awful Author of it! how improve
Each moment here to sound aright his praise,
And let my life sing louder than my lays.

Tho' Sol from southern regions daily hies,
To warm our fields, and temperate our skies,
Yet oft the morning gale blows sharp and chill;
The shiv'ring swain believes 'tis Winter still,
As he the mountain's hoary top does gain
To seek his flocks, and lead them to the plain.
Eve oft approaches more morose and sour,
The snow-swell'd clouds, in dismal discord low'r,
Drove by the warring winds in furious form,
Threat'ning the night with some impending storm;
Rough Boreas heaves his sceptre in the waste,
And bids the fury of the rocking blast
Deform the night, and empty all around
The fleety stores, with which the clouds abound.

Who could imagine that the smiling face
Of youthful SPRING so soon should lose its grace?
That pride of seasons, virgin of the year,
Daughter of Love, and Innocency clear!
'Tis Winter's sons that yet again combine,
Enrag'd to think that Meekness e'er should reign,
Keen, grim, and hungry, turning from the north,
To make their last effort, they thunder forth
Like other nightly tygers, full of wrath,
They plot, they roar, and meditate her death,
Amid the shatter'd grove, O hear her wail!
Deserted, sunk, afflicted, hoarse and pale,
Invoking day to spread his glad'ning wing,
And with him all her exil'd breezes bring;
When her fair husband * would again arise,
With aid and triumph in the eastern skies.
Long, long her suff'ring virtue doth complain,
In many a sweet, yet melancholy strain,
While howling tempests shake the stable oak,
And frosts, corroding, ev'ry beauty crop,
Like to a diamond sunk in metal base,
With scarce a brilliant speck the work to grace.
Stern Fate has buried ev'ry charm, and Death
Stands grinning by, his dart drawn from the sheath,

* 'The Sun.

But still importunate her pray'rs arise,
Thro' all th' opposing storms, and find the skies,
For slowly now begins the calming east
To fold Night's mantle back around the west;
Meek-featur'd Dawn steals comely from a cloud,
And says her pious plaint is heard aloud.
She sees the Hours on golden hinges turn;
The blushing gates of the diurnal morn,
Which scorn the pride of ev'ry Persian loom,
And entrance give the jocund gay bridegroom,
Crown'd with health, youth and pow'r, a dazzling
chief,
Impatient to afford his bride relief.

Joy spreads a radiance o'er her cloudy mind,
New heav'nly life pours in with strength combin'd;
Mild, modest, blushing, by the graces led,
She mounts the throne where stands the nuptial bed.
Her regal mien strikes each usurper's pride;
Recoiling back, their meagre forms they hide,
Stung deep with anguish at the hated sight,
Of yonder champion's formidable might;
They beat their breasts and fill the echoing air
With hollow murmurs, groans, and wild despair;

Then, with a distant howl, they bid adieu,
And to their polar prince the march pursue.

The virgin thinks on all, and now can find
These foes were troops of guardians, sternly kind,
To spoil her only of each deadly bane,
Which lurk'd in thousands round her wide domain.
Tho' blind themselves in that, a kingly throne
Was all they meant, ambition push'd them on.

Now from this theme thou, moral muse, may'st
view

The num'rous train of ills which close pursue
Unthinking mortals, in the weary stage
Of busy bustling life in ev'ry age.
Thou Vice with Virtue hast conflicting seen;
That victor once, this now triumphing queen.
Sing then the first; sing how he preys on man,
Poisons, while he a balmy gale does fan.
A sigh for happiness with man is born;
But, ah! what wild, what devious roads they run,
How many stoop to catch Ambition's kiss,
Then on her painted wings search vain for bliss.
Misguided, wild Ambition; not the pure,
Warm longings after things which shall endure;

A thirst insatiate for the muddy stream
Of earth-born Pleasure, affluence and fame.

The youth at ease, oft, simple as the fry,
Swallows the bait, and scorns adversity.
The bright unclouded morning oft beguiles,
When fly capricious Fortune on him smiles.
Th' enchanted flow'ry vale I see him tread,
Th' intoxicating fume now in his head,
Only solicitous for wordly gloire,
The smooth, deceitful path he does explore.
Up her steep mount, afar her fane appears,
He dreaming thinks the source of bliss is hers.
But where's the summit? thy ungovern'd will,
Tho' high as present wish, would higher still.
Yet grant it found by thee, how is it grac'd
With pompous grandeur! ha, she's Janus-fac'd,
One smiling, captivating still in view,
Whilst thou with restless ardour didst pursue,
But when reflection there comes 'cross the breast,
The other turns a furious fiend confess'd.

Come then, each brother-youth, survey the road
That winds th' ascent to that ador'd abode;

So seeming easy to the carnal heart ;
There see Remorse, pursuing, whets his dart ;
Behold stern Death his thousands oft assail,
And smile to see them seek his gloomy vale.
One rearing hope hath scarce begun the way,
When the hid net his footsteps doth betray.
Scarce form'd the plan, still wavering in doubt,
Till doom'd to climes below, to build it out.
Another vent'ring, greater progress makes,
And high on Honour's hill his station takes,
Looking with proud contempt on all that tread
The humble vale of life so widely spread.
The fun of rich Prosperity doth beam
All day upon him with refulgent stream ;
Basking in his deceitful rays he steers,
A thought thrown backward, only what he fears.
But see he stares ! hark, a tremendous sound
Which does his ears in grating accents wound !
Chill creeps his blood, his heart inactive dies,
While thus the voice terrific loudly cries :
“ Thy soul immortal knew herself to be ;
“ The choice she made angels amazed see ;
“ For momentary pleasures, empty toys,
“ To barter solid and eternal joys.

“ But now her time is past, the sentence gone,
“ Avenging Justice bids thy conscience own,
“ That body pamper’d, deck’d and deify’d,
“ Shall to the tomb resign each plume of pride,
“ Subject to worms, the vilest worms of earth,
“ Regardless they of its once boasted birth.”

The royal mandate is no sooner giv’n,
By the unerring, just decree of Heav’n,
Than Death whirls high in air his pointed dart,
And strikes it barbed deep into his heart.

A third perhaps doth the high summits climb,
His cup of wishes swelling to the brim;
A large Herculan cup he longs to drink,
Blind to the plagues that with each drop did sink.
See how he seeks, all woe-begone I deem,
The long-desired source of Pleasure’s stream.
But, ah! nor spring, nor lofty fane arise,
Quite other objects meet his tortur’d eyes.
On one hand, from a cave of jetty stone,
Issues a river with outrageous moan;
Tumultuous ravings fill the channel broad;
Surge upon surge, and whirl on whirl afford

A hideous jarring, and tremendous noise,
As if the infernal gulph had join'd its voice;
Thick low'ring darkness broods on ev'ry verge;
Malignant vapours from the waves emerge,
Fierce, roaring, huge, black, boiling waves proclaim
Anxiety to be the baleful name.

And on the other rolls a river foul,
With all of monster brood: the dismal howl
Of swarming spectres rising from the flood,
In ev'ry ghastly form, is heard aloud.
Slow, deep, confus'd and thick, it half appears,
Moving along, the title Guilty Fears.

Between these rivers lies a spreading plain,
Unknown to Culture, and unblest'd with grain.
Thorns, briars, and thistles, the whole surface spoil;
And noxious 'tangling weeds pervade the soil.
The whole of serpent race promisc'ous crawl,
Returning hiss for hiss, and pois'ning all.
No peaceful breeze, nor songster's sprightly air,
In this perplexing wilderness of Care.

He runs and looks, and searches round and round,
For happiness, which cannot there be found.

He views his grandeur now ; then flies anon
To conquest, banquets, music, beds of down,
Or lap of 'witching Venus ; but, alas !
The more he flies, the farther flies from bliss.
Mad tempests too, for ever on each side,
Rage worse and worse : mistrust, suspicion, pride,
Lust, jealousies, remorse ; the bitter whole,
Yok'd in one whirlwind, rend his very soul ;
His fetter'd soul, which must be free before
She rest can find : she must sublimely soar
'Bove all the gilded joys that spring from earth,
Or all th' empty honours of Fame or birth ;
Must seek the upper world, must pleasures view,
Immortal as herself, for ever new.

Here let me pause, turn inward, and reflect
On dire Ambition, and her sighs neglect.
I now have seen fair Fortune deck'd in gold,
A goddess gay, as mortal could behold ;
Rich favours round her hung, in sparkling swarms ;
Pleasure, with all her fascinating charms,
Wealth, with her splendid retinue, and Pow'r,
With his high nod, whom nations cringe before,
Yet mixed and two-fac'd they are, and soon
Shall fall, shall perish ; can I crave the boon ?

No; warn'd by these, O may I strive to shun
Such slippery, guiltful paths, where thousands run.
May my ambition seek to soar in this,
To cherish virtue, and extirpate vice.
Anxiety, be only thou a guest,
To hate each furious passion in the breast.
May fear be only reverential awe
Of my great Author, and his perfect law.
May all my care be him alone to please,
And lean upon him thro' Life's stormy seas,
Till moor'd my bark, on that far distant shore,
Heav'nshaven blest'd, where woes are heard no more.

Now spread thy downy wing, O sacred Muse,
Into my song the noblest thoughts infuse,
While I explore the wide, the humble plain,
Where Adverse-fortune rears her dreary fane.
Behold the goddess on her gloomy throne
In awful majesty! a sable zone
Infolds her waist, beneath a robe of woe,
Tatter'd, and waving loosely to and fro;
Her looks dishevell'd o'er her wrinkl'd brow,
Betray her languid eyes scarce glimm'ring thro';
Lean Poverty attends on either hand;
Pale Sorrow, Pain, and Death before her stand.

Sighs rend the breast, and groan reverb'rates groan,
Incessantly is heard the doleful moan.

Her blasting breath impartially she throws,
And strikes at random oft the fairest flow'rs :
Flow'rs that oft seem secure. So wave the fair,
Gay, full-blown blossoms in the sweeten'd air,
Discov'ring that from ev'ry lavish tree
Pomona's gilded lap shall filled be ;
When, arm'd with frost, comes a rude eastern blast,
And leaves the whole a bare and joyless waste.

Ev'n such the fate of many, who begin
Their dawn of life with prospects greatly vain.
They bud, they bloom, and flourish; when one blow
Of adverse-fortune lays their prospects low.

Such was young Edwy's fate : O hapless youth !
He steady still walk'd in the paths of truth ;
Still mild and gentle, as the lamb, his heart ;
His sympathetic soul as free from art ;
Till, tainted by Ambition, he gave way,
O could she lead so great a mind astray ?

He just had rear'd a stately edifice,
To crown his Myra and himself with bliss.

Myra, the object of his ardent love;
A fairer nymph sure never grac'd the grove:
Youth, beauty, wit, and virtue, with her frame
Were interwove; how could he quench the flame?
The structure swells his hopes, now bent to find
True bliss below the stars—how chang'd his mind!
Indeed ambition here her skill had shown,
Taste, art, and elegance, toil'd to be known.
A paradise terrestrial spread around,
A fairer, fancy hardly yet hath found.
Luxurious fragrance sweeten'd ev'ry breeze,
The senses feast, the soul is lull'd in ease;
One higher bound he only wish'd to soar,
Possession of his bride, he'd ask no more.

The night is come, the nuptial bed they rear,
The banquet spread, on which the guests do fare;
The wedded pair, bid the flow moments move,
All their discourse, and all their thoughts are love.
When, lo! a bolt, wing'd with distracted flame,
Bursts from conflicting clouds, and smites the dame!
And mixing with the blaze, that lights the hall,
Springs whizzing up, and darts from wall to wall.
The guests unhurt escape, with shrieks, and cries,
Attempts are vain: the conflagration flies—

Wild and more wild,— responsive thunders roar
From earth, and heav'n; while sheets of light'ning
more

Attracted mix—then all at once unfurl—
Till the fair fabric, prostrate, down doth hurl!

Can pencil paint, or heart aright suggest,
The tortures now infix'd in Edwy's breast,
When he on Myra's last pale charm did gaze,
Like setting Cynthia, beaming sweetest rays!
It baffles thought! How great a crime was his,
That merited a punishment like this?
It was ambition, swerving from the road
Which well he knew, which once with care he trode;
Heav'n saw him falling; and in mercy sent
Adversity, his ruin to prevent.

Wild seas, huge cliffs, rough desarts, sanguine
plains,
Mean cotes, large hospitals, dark cells and chains,
Are subject all to her imperial sway,
All tribute to her dismal altar pay.
Behold the bark toss'd on the wave, swell'd steep!—
Bewilder'd, shatter'd, sinking in the deep!

Think what keen throbs thrill through each anxious
breast,
When clinging to a plank or driving mast!
Or on the surge-beat cliff survey the wretch!
Despairing sit aghast, and vainly stretch
His eye, to find relief, or distant shore,
Far as his ken, seas yawn, and tempests roar.

He on whom youth, wealth, and Amanda smil'd;
On a rough, foreign desert, see exil'd:
'Tis night, the time when oft he sought the grove,
To feast with her on rapt'rous joys of love,
When sighs responsive burst from heart to heart,
Immensely sweet! and free from guile or art.
But, ah! Night wraps him in her sable gloom,
Fell serpents hiss, fierce howling monster's roam;
O what ideas croud his mind! How dart
The countless pangs into his woe-worn heart!

Look to the hostile plain, vermillion'd o'er—
Here tides of blood, there heaps of clotted gore;
Here weltering chiefs—there fires—and widows
tear
Their locks, incumbent on the smoky air.

Turn where grim Want makes fancy stand aloof;
Tyrant beneath the low storm-shatter'd roof;
Famine, and Poverty, still here preside,
Nature's sharp cravings never half supply'd:
By Malice rous'd, here Calumny oft brings
To the sunk heart, the most embitter'd stings:
Ye rich in wealth, O can ye not afford
A single crumb from your luxurious board?
Your brethren call: a little aid might save
Them, thus distress'd, from an untimely grave.

But hark! what groans are these? what doleful
cries?

'Tis a vast group of human miseries:
On many a tear-stain'd couch, behold them laid,
While sickness, pains, and agonies invade!
One like the drooping lily bows his head,
Insensibly the crimson'd blushes fade;
Some almost crush'd beneath the pond'rous load,
With sighs and groans transpierce the drear abode;
While some in all th' excruciating pain
That lives on earth, each member wrench, and strain;
In agonies convulsive how they rave!
O gracious Heav'n! some pitying mercy have!

The dungeon now spreads her tremendous gloom,
Emblem of death, twin-sister to the tomb;
Sister more strong, the grave can only hold
The dust, not spirit—she does both enfold.
See, if an eye can penetrate the cell,
So deeply-dark, where the delinquents dwell:
Their eyes roll frightful: ah! how weak, how poor!
Chain'd, fetter'd, grov'ling, on the noisome floor!
Their food how little! Rest whence can it come,
When each horrific thought foretels their doom?
Philanthropy, thou gen'rous pow'r! beguile
These dark, damp regions, with thy heav'nly smile!
'Tis thine to brighten, thine to tame each woe,
That here, such ghastly, Hydra-faces show.

In scenes like these Adversity is seen,
These are the haunts of the deformed queen;
Uncourted maid! yet far more wisdom thou
To thy discerning pupils dost bestow,
Than can Prosperity, light nymph of snares!
To her fool'd vot'ries give engaging airs.
Strict is thy school, thy literature hard,
Yet rightly scann'd, it doubly does reward,
By it man knows the World's false glaring show,
And Learning, rich, himself begins to know.

Behind thee, hid from each corrupted view,
Lie gay delights, known to the happy few
Made wise by thee: O what celestial forms!
Unstain'd by Vice, with all her sultry storms,
There pour their healing balm into the soul,
And scent each scare, and bid her mock controul.

Then let not me repine beneath her frown;
But ev'ry woe, with patience strive to crown:
Poising in equal scale the fruits of both,
Of her harsh toil; the other's downy sloth;
Reflecting where they both shall terminate,
I find the first greatly preponderate.

Then rise, my soul! triumph o'er ev'ry toy,
Each trifling, transient, sublunary joy;
More ample objects do thou strive to find,
Than feathers, atoms, or th' inconstant wind.
Virtue, all-conquering Virtue! woo, and win;
Then mayst thou hear Life's storms rave idly on.
She will befriend thee here, and with thee soar,
O'er all things else, when time shall be no more.

Now seas, and streams, seem each a fatt'ning Nile;
Tho' uno'erflow'd their banks, the earth does feel

A vegetable life within her warm,
The wish of Nature, parent of each charm.
Through many a secret, subterranean chink,
The water's fostering influences sink.
The nutriment steals through each oozy vein,
That lies beneath the mountain, dale, or plain;
Then flow, and potent, 'gins aloft to soar,
Suck'd by the sun, through ev'ry latent pore:
Till softly-sweet it near the surface flows,
And vivid life to ev'ry root bestows.
The pregnant womb now of old Mother Earth,
Brings forth her countless millions at a birth.
So Charity works unperceiv'd, and gives
Her favours in the dark, yet none deceives,
Uneager of the blandishments which raise
The giddy mind that grasps at human praise.
Hail, heav'nly stranger! why so seldom seen?
Is it because thy fair, unspotted mien
Is far too pure for our polluted day,
Far too sedate for our licentious gay?
Perhaps it is: but yet thou still art found,
To those who wish to tread thy hallow'd ground,
Recluse thou sitt'st, wrapt in a pearly mist,
Culling a flow'r, from each woe-pitying breast:

Rear'd scarcely known, till thou at last arise,
With all their charms full-blown above the skies.

But view thee in a more enlarged sense,
And thy bright beams thou ever dost dispense;
Thy pow'r hath with a radiant lustre shone,
The greatest, sweetest, that ere fill'd a throne:
Creating worlds, and spirits, and men, was great;
But far, far nobler works on thee await!
Astonish'd angels in their anthems tell
How thou didst man redeem from lowest hell.

The Sun is fled, with him the golden day,
Yon ruddied cloud proclaims him far away;
While o'er the brow of yon brown eastern hill
Night gently comes, clad in a sable veil;
Eve, from her dewy throne, beholds afar,
Trembles more lovely, and calls up her star.
How charming is the scene! the lucid sky,
Hung with flow-creeping clouds of many a dye;
The rising Moon, in virgin blushes clad,
Seems half afraid to leave her rosy bed.
Softly the curtains draw, and now she's giv'n
Full to the eye, the silvery Queen of Heav'n;

Aflant the woody shade descend her beams,
And quiv'ring strike the blue-dark rolling streams.
Where are ye, lovers? are they your fond sighs,
That now with so much sweetness round me rise?
The zephyrs sure must plunder what they bring,
And why not you with balm perfume their wing?
But whether you, or each prepared field,
Or ev'ry juicy tree, the fragrance yield,
Spring smells the incense, and in smiles looks down
On all, and wreaths for each a blooming crown.

Now let me wander o'er the solemn vale,
Cheer'd by the hum of streams, and grateful smell
Of cultur'd fields, and deep surrounding woods,
That o'er me hang, full-swell'd with mellow buds,
Where Silence grave, and sharp-ey'd Solitude,
Nurse thoughts divine, and feast with heav'nly food;
Or up thy banks, O Esk! now let me rove,
'Mong weeping willows, rang'd in many a grove,
That clasp thy smooth blue billows, tipt with grey,
Or shot in downy silver, richly gay:
The soften'd cadence of thy murm'ring song,
May lull to rest each passion, wild or strong.
Hail, sweet serene retreats! ye sacred groves,
To meditation, peace, and virtuous loves,

Where holy men have oft retir'd, to raise
Their souls to Heav'n, in wonder love and praise!
While thro' your shades, from maze to maze I walk,
And, with the Muse, in thoughtful silence talk,
I catch a pleasure which can never rise
From the voluptuary's 'witching prize.

Bacchus, the sparkling god of pompous halls,
In roaring mirth, now to each rev'ller calls;
A blush too deep for Beauty taints his face;
A coronet of guilt his brows embrace;
With a loud frothy laugh he holds the bowl,
Steaming with filth, a nausea to the soul;
Murder and rapine, blasphemy and rapes,
There unperceiv'd bathe their enormous shapes.

Venus, on silken couch, or balm-strew'd grove,
Reclining sits, contriving arts of love.
Her vestments seem heav'n-wove, her bosom bare,
Fragrant as May, as snowy summits fair;
Her eyes two sister stars, clear sparkling shine;
Her frame enchanting all----all seems divine!
With greatest skill she tunes her syren lay,
Whose consonance melts all the soul away;

The nobler pow'rs sink dead, the grosser swell,—
Heav'n's! is there such a subtle fiend in Hell?
There is not sure. O Virtue! how art thou
Ap'd and derided by th' infernal crew!
Yet none thou half so bold as this hast seen,
So fair, so foul, so widely conquering!

O say, ye who admire, pursue, and taste,
And to th' extreme on all her dainties feast,
When sip't, are they not foam, which touch'd does
fall?

When swallowed, are they not the blackest gall?
Ye sons of Riot, Merriment and Whim,
Does the kind monitor ne'er rise within,
Your conduct to reprove? does she not stare
You in the face oft 'mid your mad career?
She does: a secret stab oft pains the breast,
But still'd sinks again, a prey to rest.
New objects come, you taste, she stings, again
You quench, chace more, and thus the round goes on.
Give me the streamlet trickling from the hill,
The chaste, the virtuous maid, that trips the dale,
The frugal board, Contentment smiling down,
Then be these gaudy nothings all your own!

But see the changeful sky : the clouds return
Deeper and deeper : Moon and Stars are shorn
Of ev'ry trembling beam. How short their stay !
So pass, O man, thy earthly joys away !
Heav'n's ! what is that illumines all the brake !
(A secret fear within me does awake)
Athwart the growing gloom a fiery glare
Meets the struck-eye, wide-blazing from afar.
On yon high Northern mountain see it flies,
And strikes in circling flames the polar skies !
Now (funk perhaps in clouds of pitchy smoke)
A while 'tis gone ; but soon each sable cloak
Again it bursts, and to the mountain's head
It flames, and climbs, and stronger still doth spread.
The gale moans on the distant sounding stream,
The owl sends forth a hoarse, discordant scream—
How drear the scene ! It shrieks with awe profound ;
I start ; and, trembling, roll mine eyes around.
What new vulcano fulminates so near ?
The eye would think we had an *Ætna* here,
To taint our air, and desolate our plains,
And spread with sulphurous floods our gay domains.
No : vain surmises these : untutor'd Fear,
These are thy fruits : to thee what forms appear

When thou dost hold the reins, and rule the mind?
Each bush appears a thief, each tree a fiend.

They are the labours of the frugal swain,
Which some foreseen emoluments constrain.
He spreads with fire the mountain's heathy brow,
To burn what's noxious; thereby to allow
The birth of herbs, more tender for his flocks,
That fleecy tribe, which still his care invokes.
At first he marks the gale, and then behind
The dark-brown harvest, trembling in the wind,
He sets the lighted coal. An eager blaze
Springs crackling up, and the drawn-breeze obeys,
Torn vex'd and wildly-fierce, all near it kills,
And smokes, and flames, and rages round the hills.

But, ah! in this he is a foe to SPRING,
And all her proffer'd services benign.
Th' ascending smoke compressing the thin air,
Makes it, thus cramped and burden'd, frown severe,
Changing from mild to chill, from chill to fierce,
It does her tender vitals sorely pierce,
While the contagion, in the atmosphere,
Ferments, and spreads foul vapours far and near;

First yellowy-white, then black, furcharg'd with rain,
Once more perhaps to deluge all the plain.

Reflect a moment here, my soul, and think
How thou, amid the trifling scene, didst shrink.
Consider where thou might'st have ever lain,
Beneath the vengeance of a God Divine ;
The bolts of justice (awful thought !) might have
Made thee, in vain, oft with a silent grave,
Where thou, annihilate, might'st be secure
From his Omniscience, and their dreadful roar.
O Adam ! Where had'st thou, and all thy race,
Been long ere now, but hurried down apace
Into the jaws of an eternal flame,
Inkindl'd by the Potentate I AM,
Had not an arm Divine, reach'd from above,
And snatch'd you from the brink in deepest love !

But let me more at large the theme survey.
Thy aid, O Heav'nly Muse ! I humbly pray.
The world may say, that hundreds else have strung
Their lyre to that, and have it fully sung ;
But who can sing aright, or who too long,
The sad, the sweet, the great mysterious song ?

Call back the dawn of Time, ye greatly vain!
And see the greatly-wretched fire of men,
When fall'n from happiness, and his just doom
To tread the horrors of th' infernal gloom!
Deep tragic thought! Man, fav'rite Son of Heav'n,
To whom the image of his God was giv'n,
Thus to be tainted; thus to be debas'd;
Torn from the joys to which he had been rais'd!

Where shalt thou look for mercy, sinner, say?
Roll not the moments awfully away?
Contending elements around thee rise
Menacing vengeance from th' offended skies.
The growling beasts, burning in thirst of blood,
Impatient wait thee in each black'ning wood.
Above thee Justice shakes his barbed spear;
Within thee Conscience, vulture-like, does tear;
Beneath thee Hell, in horrid yawns, throws wide
Her mouth, disclosing all the fetid tide
Of liquid brimstone, ready to devour
Thee, and thy offspring which thy loins shall pour!
O sad dilemma this! With trembling dread
My soul recoils, to think what shall succeed!

Woes, plagues, and tortures, evermore to live
Beyond the wildest fancy to conceive.

But with ten thousand raptures let me sing
The boundless love of Heav'n's Almighty King!
Who tho' enthron'd in dazzling glories, far
Above the most exalted Cherub there,
Tho' now insulted by a crawling worm;
Yet now, ev'n now, he wears a pitying form.
Strange! what is this? shall mankind still be fav'd,
And God be just? who pure obedience crav'd,
Divinely perfect; now so sadly foil'd,
He black as Hell, of ev'ry virtue spoil'd.
Yes, O my soul! triumphant hail the thought,
Of what Eternal Goodness for thee wrought!
The sinner shall be fav'd, and Justice have
All that the rigour of his law can crave.

But who shall answer the incessant frown,
Which that stern creditor disdains to drown
In waves of lenity; but ever firm
And steady to his purpose, shews the term,
The signed bill, which man cannot expunge,
But shuddering reads, and fears in wrath to plunge?

Shall boundless seas in crimson furies roll,
Wrung from each victim of the massy world:
To purge away the blackness of his crime,
And clear the accompts with Majesty Divine?
Shall angels, who surround the throne, descend
To pacify the God he did offend?
Shall they be turn'd to insects, to assuage
The boiling fury of a boundless rage?
No, these unworthy: these unable all,
Once to support him in the dreadful fall.
His debt is Infinite, therefore, the flame
Of Justice must be quench'd in blood the same,
And quench'd it was: hear, Nations! hear; and give
Praise to that God who died that you might live!

Amazing thought! can these be truths? They are.
Heav'n's attributes are notes that never jar;
Sweeter than all the music of the spheres,
And Mercy, sweetest far to mortal ears.
Thro' all her various works, let Nature raise
A loud harmonious hymn of grateful praise.
For me, when I attempt to list it here,
It on my lip oft falters insincere.
The heart, impoison'd from the native source,
Flows in a stream as foul, with equal force;

What dire imaginations, whirling roll,
And with a deluge often sweep the soul.
O fatal fall! reverberate again
To Adam's ev'ry son, with humbling pain!
True Innocency's lofty, polish'd tow'rs,
And stately ramparts, now no longer ours;
But wasteless heaps of ruin still declare,
Conspicuous, what th' effects of sinning are.

Then let me oft in solitary walk,
And with these mortifying lectures talk,
Till Conscience, like the wailing owl I heard,
Hath rous'd me up, my duty to regard.

But let me now withdraw, for Sleep doth call
Her gentle slumbers on each visive ball.
In silent eloquence, the pleasing Dame,
Now bids me rest a while my wearied frame.
Let me, with awful rev'rence, now commit
My whole of being to its Author great.
Thou who didst form me in the womb! and thou
Who hast preserv'd me ever until now!
God of my infant years! O mayst thou still
Protect me by thy never-erring will!

And when, in future days, my head is crown'd
With hoary locks, may still thy care surround
My tottering footsteps, and my guardian be,
When in the gloomy grave made sweet by thee.

Morn's various charms again my steps invite,
In some sequester'd wander, to repeat
Another series of contemplatives,
Which to the studious mind dame Nature gives.
What heart so inly dead, who will not now
With holy rev'rence, and with wonder, bow
To Nature, rather unto Nature's God,
Who rules her ev'ry motion with a nod.
The soft'ning air doth balmy odours fan ;
Sweet exhalations rise from ev'ry lawn ;
Spring now, triumphing o'er each furly blast,
Makes ev'ry gladd'ned heart her banquets taste.
The plain, the mountain, and the woody shade,
In Flora's queenly raiment stand array'd !

The birches, pride of Scotia's winding vales,
With clouds of incense, now perfume the gales :
The venerable oak, unfond of charms,
Ev'n joys to see his lengthen'd brawny arms

Renew their age, and soon become the Lord
Of ev'ry tree the forest can afford.

When viewing Nature in her infant morn,
May I with her a second time be born ;
May with new life each inward pow'r awake,
And all the chains of dark corruption break !
Thou giddy Will, to virtuous Reason yield ;
Thou Understanding, still direct and shield ;
Ye wild Affections, from your courses flow,
To climes where heav'nly breezes only blow ;
And let the Conscience still an aspect wear,
As yonder sky, unclouded, calm and clear ;
That when the summons by pale death is giv'n,
The soul may be an off'ring meet for Heav'n.

Where's now the atheist bold, who dares deny
Th' existence of a God ? Vain fool ! draw nigh ;
Read Nature's Volume, there thou may'st behold
The meanest reptile clearly him unfold :
And in thyself (if thou hast eyes to see)
Thou may'st behold the same great Deity.
Dislodge the grov'ling thought that fills thy breast,
Annihilation !—How the soul is tost !
Tortures past utterance all her pow'rs confound
When she but thinks upon the horrid sound !

But cast thine eye a month or two behind,
Ruins and wastes are all thou there can'st find.
The tribes that once did all the fields adorn,
Seem each deceas'd, and sleeping in its urn,
But mark them now, deck'd with new charms, come
forth,
Releas'd from Death, again to shew their worth :
Which plainly proves that great, that awful day,
When faints shall rise in glorious array ;
When Death shall drop his gloomy majesty,
Fall on his bloody dagger, roar, and die.
Methinks I see thy tomb asunder cleave ;
While with reluctance thou thy frame dost heave,
Still shrinking back, but yet impell'd to rise,
And roll around on horrors black thine eyes.
What terrors fill thee then ! (tho' now so bold)
Trembling in ev'ry nerve thou dost behold
A blazing throne, where sits the dreadful He,
Whom thou'st deny'd, and justly calls on thee.
In vain to kindling earth thou dost exclaim,
To hide thee in some whirling gulphy flame,
Amid the conflagration to involve,
And with her exit perish and dissolve.
In vain thy hopes, in vain thy wishes all,
In vain Annihilation thou dost call,

The solemn, dismal period does commence,
That shall thine adamantine breast convince
That there's a God, a God of justice too,
Who sin unpunish'd never will allow.
Above thy head, in choral symphony,
Thou seest the saints in flaming raptures fly ;
Deck'd with refulgent rays, strong and divine,
The golden portals of Empyræum shine,
Thro' which the mansions of the blest appear
Full on thy wand'ring eye, with joyless glare,
And only aggravate thy tortur'd mind,
Conscious their bliss for thee was ne'er design'd.
The lofty arch, which on the vast of space
Stands firm supporting all th' angelic race,
Show'rs such a flood of glories, till thine eyes
Are dazzled with a more than blind surprise !
With torture rack'd, thou giv'st a hideous yell,
An earnest of the furious pains of hell :
Whose mouth turns blacker at the hated sight
Of such celestial pomp, immensely bright ;
And howls voracious ! when the God of pow'r,
Array'd in terrors, sends a brimstone show'r,
Sweeping with thee the whole ungodly crew,
(Applauded by yon glorious happy few)

Down, down, with devils, to her lowest cell,
Where Wrath, and keen Despair, for ever dwell.

If such th' ungodly's end, if such their fate,
Then, O my soul! their practice strive to hate.
O strive to know religion's true import!
Nor dare with such a sacred truth to sport;
Tho' by the modern world of no esteem,
Depreciated as a thought too mean.
Oft sage philosophers they boasting turn,
Oft shining warriors in the field they burn;
Yet never strive themselves to dignify,
With true Religion's magnanimity.
The Christian is the Hero, he the Sage,
Can laugh at all the allurements of the age:
Beneath a greener bay than worldly fame,
Or all the sparkling crowns that earth can claim,
He shall delighted sit their vernal bloom,
Not withering even in the loathsome tomb:
And ev'n amid the crush of worlds at last,
When your poor brav'ry shall stand aghast,
He shall behold, without the least dismay,
Each mighty system flame, and pass away;
Shielded by that great hand, which form'd each globe,
Adorned with his Saviour's snowy robe,

Borne in a car-triumphal to a throne,
Where guilt, disease, and death, are never known.

A vocal concert fills the ambient air,
From feather'd legions, who with joy repair
From more refined climes, where they'd been drove,
When boist'rous Boreas emptied ev'ry grove.
At first, a black'ning cloud, they hover wide,
With notes promiscuous o'er the distant tide.
Then ev'ry species forms a sep'rate choir,
And with loud sounding pinions fast explore
The nearest path, to find their native shore,
And quick to know their former lov'd abodes,
Some to the wild, some where the forest nods,
Some to the steaming marsh with haste resort,
And some domestic like around us sport.
They now around me, on each leafy spray,
In strains, high warbled, hail the rising day.
See how their little bosoms bound and beat,
While pair by pair, they close enamour'd sit ;
Or woo each other through the glen or grove,
In many an ardent tale of artless love.
See with what piercing skill they build the nest,
In thicket, heathy turf, or rocky waste ;

In which the dam broods o'er her embryo young,
While the kind mate in tender feelings wrung,
Flies far, and culls of food for her the best;
Or else alternately with her does rest,
Till every part of fond parental care,
Makes the whole family ripen'd for the air.
The boy oft eager to purloin the prize,
That in the little cells obscured lies,
As now to school he slow and aukward steers,
Conscious of task ungot, he thinks, and fears;
The chast'ning rod strikes on his mind; he views
All the harsh scene, and frames a full excuse:
At night, next morn, he this, or that will give,
His sire and master, wholly to deceive,
Possess'd with these, excursively he roves
At random, through the hedges, fields and groves;
Till meeting more associates in the crime,
They form a league, broke many a thousand time;
Then with the thought they are unseen, they take
With eager haste, the covert of the brake.
With anxious search they grope, they climb, and gaze,
Elate with hope, all rambling different ways,
Till one in transport cries, Ho! here they are!
The sweetest, gayest, woodland songsters far,
'Tis mine! 'tis mine! haste here, behold they spring!
And soon would have escap'd us on the wing.

O tragic scene ! that family at rest,
With innocence, and full contentment blest,
Above all Adams sons ! O how the muse
Shrinks as she sings of those who thus abuse
Kind Nature's laws ! Behold the injur'd pair !
Stung to the heart, once view their downy care ;
Then forced from their helpless brood, to flee
And seek a shelter on the neighbouring tree,
Where they their tuneful song were wont to raise.
Now, ah ! they pensive droop, with anxious gaze
They eye their young pluck'd from the sheltering thorn,
And thro' the forest by the plund'ers borne ;
Whose feeble cries and flutt'ring struggles fill
Them with a sharp, and agonizing chill ;
Their little bosoms, like to burst with grief,
Yet, worse and worse, can give them no relief,
Tho' hovering round ; from bough to bough they fly,
Till the unwary dam attempts too-nigh
The savage boy, whose hand a stone quick hurls—
She falls, and quiv'ring, in vermillion rolls.

O barb'rous deed ! is there a heart of stone,
At thought of this, but inly heaves a groan ?
The forlorn fire, abandoned to woe,
Springs frightened up, but doubtful where to go.

Now all his joys are blasted in the bud,
For ever gone the pleasures of the wood.
He vents his grief fast from his straining throat
In many a wildly-melancholy note.
But now his captive race are out of sight,
Full of despair he wings his devious flight,
With eager skim, till on the valley's verge;
And as he flees, still sings the funeral dirge.
But, ah! for ever gone: he forc'd returns,
And on the well-known bush more loudly mourns,
In all the plaintive energy of song,
Till sympathizing warblers round him throng,
Touch'd into feeling at his easeless pain.
To heav'n's high cope they lift the doleful strain,
While falling waters murmur back the sound,
And waving woods re-echo all around,
A language more expressive of his woe,
Than my lame numbers can pretend to show.

O doting parents! can you be so blind,
Thus to your children dear to be unkind.
Indulgence to them in a trivial ill,
(If such there be,) is like a furious rill,
Turn'd in its course at some commanding spot,
At first the sandy banks are hardly broke;

Till, gathering force, it eats an ample vein,
And with a deluge whelms the bord'ring plain.
Nature corrupt, ungovern'd, and untaught,
In youth with every growing vice is fraught,
And knows no moral bounds. Each vice begets
Thousands more foul, and these more horrid shapes
Again produce, till each enormous deed
Oft to dire infamy poor mortals lead;
Ev'n then confirm'd in guilt, they still advance,
And plunge the depths of wild extravagance,
Till baser than shall taint the muse's pen,
The laugh of devils, and the scorn of men.
O then let this command one serious thought,
Let this arouse your feelings as they ought;
In time be wise, if you'd not wish to meet
Them in that world of misery complete.
This natural foil of theirs you may improve,
If favour'd by the blessing from above;
Tho' choak'd with weeds it seems, beneath are laid
Celestial treasures, muff'd deep in shade,
Each faculty, like diamonds hid in ore,
Till digg'd and wash'd, displays no beaming glore.
Or like young trees, unheeded, and exil'd,
Far from improvement, in some joyless wild,

They fruit may still produce, tho' sharp and sour ;
But should some hand a warmer soil procure,
His wholesome labours, and the soft'ring dews,
Would sweeter life to all their parts infuse ;
Soon with exulting heart he might behold,
Their boughs a rich luxurious load unfold.

Thus, parents, thus, to your peculiar care
These plants are trusted; dare not once to spare
Your useful husbandry, the means are giv'n,
And dews propitious promis'd you from heav'n
To aid their growth: O then be not in doubt,
But teach the infant saplings how to shoot;
Prune ev'ry wanton twig, dig round them well,
Till with new juices ev'ry fibre swell;
Then bid your higher husbandman show'r down
His choicest influences their youth to crown;
Then richest fruit shall soon upon them spread,
Whose beauty, worth, and fragrance never fade.
So from the life-preparing garden here,
They shall at last transplanted, flourish where
The flow'ry plains, sweet gales, and clement skies
Of the celestial paradise arise ;
Where living waters shall for ever glide,
And choirs of seraphs warble by their side.

Now see mild Flora, Spring's young favourite maid,
In all her modest innocence array'd;
Gentle as dawn, gay as red ev'ning cloud,
Chaste as the goddess of the umbrageous wood;
See her half ope her bosom to the day,
Round which the lovely graces sportive play.
Her mantle broad, and dipt in shining green,
Bedropt with ev'ry dye by nature seen.
Her graceful tresses wanton on the wings
Of ev'ry zephyr that the morning brings.
Her neck, the purest alabaster shows;
Her lips, the tincture of the full-blown rose;
Her breath, the sweetest fragrance: form'd to please,
In each respect the tender virgin is.
See how she walks, amid the pearly dew,
An object only fit for gods to view.
Censorious bigots! would ye frown, and say,
That I from virtue was begun to stray,
If I should throw aside each other care,
And fondly once embrace this peerless fair?
'Tis done: I can as far o'er you triumph,
As love, and woo, and even gain this Nymph.
The Nature-searching, contemplative mind,
Will find the silent charmer ever kind.

Inspire me then, sweet dame! thy charms to tell;
Make my dull heart in tender raptures swell,
Till warmest feelings lull rude Vice asleep,
Or make at least the ancient tyrant weep.

When first thy infant beauty peeps abroad,
Is when the snow-drop breaks the icy clod,
Oft have I seen it spring, devoid of care,
Amid surrounding snows, itself more fair;
What could preserve it then, so young and weak,
Hemm'd in with foes, who only ruin seek;
'Twas conscious innocence, that stood high-wall'd,
And made the most invet'rate stand appall'd.
Man is not so; when first his eye he throws
On this base world, and finds it full of woes,
He guilty, cries, and trembling fain would turn
Back on the journey hardly yet begun.

The Daffodil, amid a grove of spears,
Next in thy train delightfully appears.
The thick'ning leaves, flush'd with gay downy gold,
Circle on circle, closely do infold;
Moist'ned with dews, and swelling to the day,
He nods respectful o'er the border gay.

Profuse of scents, expanding to imbibe
The lucid drops, appears the primrose tribe :
Some all around with ruddy honours drest,
A creamy colour decorates the rest.
Some imitate the sky, some milky white,
Some ting'd with Luna's beams shine yellowy bright.
In many a fringed form the daisies come,
Thick strewing all the mead with healthy bloom.
Their slender leaves plac'd regular and thin,
Of purest white, or dipt in claret shine ;
While in the midst, a shapely orange knob,
Arises graceful to complete the robe.
Some more elate amid the gay parterre,
Glow sanguine all, with a thick downy fur.
Here knots uniting, there a beauteous wild ;
The roving eye's with secret raptures fill'd.
Narcissus rears his juicy stem on high,
Then droops his head, and seems again to sigh
In pangs of deep self-love ; his form more fair
Than virgin's bosom ; in his own appear
A chain of azure spots, still weeping dew
Thro' a red circle glitt'ring on the view ;
He stoops, and thinks, and looks, and sighs again,
And loves the object in the fount in vain.

The modest violet scarce her aspect gives,
Hid in the umbrage of green ambient leaves.
Arabia, canst thou, on thy spicy coast,
A flow'r so small, of such a fragrance boast?
Nursing perfume she sits, and when in view,
The darkest indigo is not so blue.

But why particularize? while all at large
The joyous landscape smiles from verge to verge;
Hill, dale, and wood, far as the eye can rove,
Seems one sweet, varied, blush of glowing love.
See high, and wide, the massy polish'd arch;
There chequer'd thinly-gay, here amply stretch
A canopy empurpled, where the sun
Sits Lord of Day, and show'rs his radiance down.
Rock shines on rock, in many a borrow'd beam,
While golden fishes on the placid stream
Flounce high in mimic sport; till in a vale,
Thick hemm'd with hill and wood, the mirrors fail;
Sweet curling mists arising from the flood,
Whiten afar, and form a pearly cloud.

Ethereal music quivers through the brake,
The Thrush each melting air strives to awake,

The herds with hollow notes the pastures fill,
The infant lambs skip, bleating, o'er the hill;
The Nymph sits wreathing garlands all at ease,
And with each winning carol swells the breeze;
Her swain, enamour'd, young, and beauty-ripe,
Strains ev'ry nerve to harmonize his pipe;
While the cascade's hoarse-falling distant roar,
In solemn bass unites the gen'ral choir.

'Tis transport all! where shall I rove to find
A scene the most delightful in its kind?
Let me the windings of the glen pursue,
Where rocks are pil'd, and streams are dashing thro',
Where thorny blossoms, and the scented broom,
Pervade the gale with ev'ry choice perfume;
Or let me climb yon mountain's tow'ring top,
Which seems the mighty vault of heav'n to prop,
There sink a while in tides of joy profound,
While the rich feasted eye I roll around.
Behind, till bounded by the bending skies,
What cloud-capt hills, in awful ridges rise,
The bulwarks of the North: nursing a race
Of brawny chiefs, the battle's awe, and grace.

From coast to coast, far stretch'd on ev'ry hand,
Tow'rs, lakes, woods, streams, and cities, crown the
land.

Rich Industry, nice Arts, sweet Peace, delight,
And Liberty, which doth the whole unite.

These are thy charms, Britannia! envy'd worth!

Thou reign'st sublime, the mistress of the earth.

Thou seem'st the chosen gem of nature's robe,

Dropt down from heav'n to glow amid the globe.

Though but a speck, thou dost, with greatest ease,
Affright the nations, and command the seas.

Yon rolling main, which amply spreads before,
A world of waters! tofs'd in foaming roar,

(Spotted with floating woods, which to the eye
Soon kiss, then mingle with the sloping sky,)

To thee from ev'ry breeze, wafts purest health,
And stows thy ports with richest foreign wealth.

Or let me plunge amid the deep green wood,
And trace each maze of the meand'ring flood,
Where sycomores unite, and birches twist,
By slender creeping woodbine sweetly prest,
Where pitchy firs extend, where ashes tow'r,
And polish'd poplars deck the humid shore,

Where chesnuts broadly wave, where beeches rear
Their spreading branches rustling in the air,
Where elders croud, elms stoop, and oaks ascend,
Like aged Kings, their subjects to defend.
There, where the sun scarce gives a glimm'ring ray,
May I recline and chace vain thoughts away.
Or on the velvet flow'r enamell'd brink,
Where clasping osiers the pure waters drink,
Which softly slide along their pearly bed,
A shining serpent-seeming hugely spread,
Now let me follow to the heavy roar,
Sent from the uniting stream half spy'd afar,
Adown the heath-clad hill in thundring drives,
Perplex'd with rocks it foams, and wheels, and
 strives,
Till bursting o'er the cliff, it pours a flood
Swift as the light'ning from the tortur'd cloud;
Ingulph'd amid the dark profound beneath,
Which flies affrighted at the falling wrath,
Whirl'd round convulsive, boiling more and more,
The frothy billows lash the farthest shore.

Here let me, on the central margin, lean,
And view before me the rude, pleasing scene,

Fit haunt of lovers! solemn gay retreat!
Which doth the full swell'd bosom oft invite,
From giddy crouds, where Folly reigns supreme,
To turn the thoughts upon a nobler theme,
To tell the pangs that blast Life's fairest bloom,
To lift'ning Heav'n and this surrounding gloom.
The love-sick youth, abandon'd to despair,
When absent from his heart-enchanting fair,
Oft to this lonely wild delights to rove,
And pour out all his soul in floods of love.
See how entranc'd in thought alone he stands!
Now beats his breast, now rears his folded hands,
Now lifts his languid eyes to heaven, and now
Prone to the earth immovable they bow;
Then all at once he springs, and flies to find
His charmer, in the well known bow'r reclin'd;
Imagination on her airy wings,
Before him all the matchless image brings;
He sees th' engaging smile, the slender waist,
The sparkling eye, the heaving snowy breast;
Each dazzling grace that nature gave the maid,
Is now in all its native pomp display'd:
His heart exults: but ah! one moment more,
Declares the fair elysium to be o'er;

She's gone—a phantom all!—He flings him down,
All on the empty spot with widest moan;
Flames newer kindle, darts more pointed sting;
A thousand thoughts his struggling spirits wring;
Surcharg'd with woe his heart: He to the breeze
Now gives it all, and finds a transient ease.

But come, sweet Flora! lead me up the stream,
To where yon tow'rs emit a fractur'd gleam
Through the green waving shade: There let me see
The garden deck'd in all its pride by thee.
Deep in the bosom of a lofty hill,
Whose hoary head obstructs the Northern gale,
Whose circling arms, o'erhung with woods far
spread,
And terminate in many a flow'ry mead,
The lovely scene shines out: a blest'd abode,
And seems contriv'd by some gay rural god.
A gentle eminence supports the fane,
Which looks majestic o'er the rural plain,
A black'ning forest spreads a wing behind,
And screens it from each angry northern wind.
Before the flow'r-bespangled banks descend,
Whose easy steps in level mazes end;

Here vistas, there dark bow'rs, in 'tangling strife,
Here winding walks, there statues aping life.

Now let me in thy lap, O Flora, lie
And hear the pure canal run bubbling by.
First hid 'mong balmy shrubs it grumbling falls
Aflant the broad declivity, then swells
Translucid through the shade, and strays along,
In wanton curve, to wash the lovely throng.
Or let us sit beneath yon tufted grove,
And sigh, and smile, and talk, and feast on love :
Where the huge rose-girt basin holds a sheet
Of liquid crystal, where the zephyrs meet,
And bathe their little wings, to fan us there
With gentle, cool, enliv'ning breaths of air.
Or let me walk with thee in jovial mood,
Beneath yon blossoms, like a fragrant cloud,
Diffus'd profusely on th' embow'ring trees
Which fill the orchard ; where the humming bees
In speckled swarms fly with assiduous care,
From bloom to bloom, and charm the list'ning ear.

But, O accomplish'd fair one ! let me haste
To the parterre, where smiling millions waste

Their effences delicious : charms of thine,
Thrown bare to this enraptur'd eye of mine :
There, panting in thy arms may I behold
Each latent beauty, modestly unfold,
Soft sinking on thy yielding breast, whose throb
Is warmly keen, yet pure as Virtue's robe ;
Oft catching from thy lips a balmy kifs,
Till all my ravish'd soul is lost in blifs.
Where shall I gaze ? Before, behind, around,
Above, beneath, delights are only found ;
Ten thousand scenes of ev'ry form, and dye,
Fling mingling wonders on the dazzled eye.
The lily meek, the polyanthos gay,
Of colours lavish ; to the fervid ray
The golden sun-flow'r turning ; tulips spread
In many a wanton hue ; of blushing red
The rich ranunculus ; of downy white
The hyacinthian tribes ; the pinks unite
In fair bespotted knots ; the bright jonquils
Sit breathing incense to the welcome gales ;
The roses pale, or white, or crimson dy'd,
Or variegated, glow the borders pride ;
The blue de-luce, stock-gilliflow'rs, the small
Auriculas of glossy leaf ; with all

The fleshy-hued carnations ; sparkling shine
The rainbow colour'd iris ; while the twine
Of odoriferous jessamine above,
Soft whispers sweetness through the shrubby grove.

But why attempt to paint the matchless scene ?
Bold Fancy labours hard, yet strains in vain ;
Thought halts behind, hence then, lame numbers,
hence—

It breathes, it blooms, blends, and spreads immense,
A sea of swimming glories ! sink, my soul,
In silent wonder at th' amazing whole !

Yet let me heave a sigh, and drop a tear,
O'er these fair strangers, soon to disappear :
Soon shall they sicken, pine, and die away,
Like trembling dews before the rising ray.
Ah lovely race ! too happy to remain,
Where Cares, and Woes, and Deaths triumphant
reign,

Your forms harmonic, delicately wrought
By Nature's nicest touch, avail you nought ;
Ye must your silken robes resign, and cast
The last faint smile around the weeping waste ;

These charms that captivate each longing eye,
In grim Corruption's loathsome arms must lie.
O momentary grandeur! emblem just
Of man's frail fabric tumbling down to dust!
Like you, he gayly laughs a short-wing'd hour,
Then diff'ring from you, groans, and struggles o'er
The verge of Life. O Life! what art thou? short
As winter's-day, of whims, and pains the sport.
A glimm'ring beam thro' shifting, storm-swell'd
clouds,

Now wanly gleaming, now immers'd in shrouds;
When darkness low'rs, the man dejected sits,
A prey to grief, and weeps, and throbs, and frets;
When trickling out; he hasty doth arise,
And through each maze a phantom-hunting flies,
Fool'd, yet pursuing, oft to Reason blind;
Nor heeds Death's tempest brewing fast behind,
Which gloomy swells, and soon with rattling might,
Involves his quiv'ring ray in awful night.

What but a light-wing'd northern blaze art thou!
Which plays along th' expanse, on the blue brow
Of Iceland hill refracted; when wide o'er
The dreary waste nocturnal fables low'r.
The shiv'ring savage, with a rough'ned shout
Of joy, (by hunger urg'd) springs from his hut,

And seeks the chace ; but soon the waving glow,
After a few more rev'llings to and fro,
A few more antic figures round him thrown,
Quick as his arrow, trembles, and is gone :
A prey he falls to Night's dark, wildest rage,
Pierc'd with dire storms, it only did preface.
The scenes below are like th' unstable deep,
Unruffled now, wide as the eye can sweep,
Tempting the worldling to unfurl his sail,
Distend his heart, and court a prosp'rous gale.
Now silver'd o'er with peaceful ease he steers,
With many a golden prospect fir'd ; nor hears
The solemn warning sounding from afar,
Nor sees the skies, with distant waves at war ;
Sudden a gust strikes fierce, he starts in pain.
It howls away ; again 'tis calm : again
Another bellowing comes, and chills his blood,
Whirls round his bark, and tortures all the flood :
That hushing too, a dubious, glitt'ring smooth,
Floats all around, his fears too soon to sooth ;
For now rous'd up in aggravated hum,
Black, rough, and thick ; storms, fiends, and thunders come.
Then all at once they rush with hideous crash ;
Flame rolls on flame, with wild tremendous flash ;

Surge latheth surge, pain'd, frightened, agonis'd ;
Life raves distracted, more and more surpris'd :
Now up, now down, now back, now on, now round,
He staggering reels ; then sinks in the profound.

O man ! what art thou, haughty mortal, say ?
A painted lump of animated clay ;
Frail as the flow'r, in all its wanton bloom,
Thy life the glancing meteor twinkling through the
gloom.

Plung'd head long in the rapid stream of time,
The screaming infant sinks ; then rides sublime,
Sublime in follies only : hurried fast
Down the fierce, foaming wave, still more oppress'd
By rocks of care, and whirlpools of remorse,
Now eas'd a moment, now torn worse and worse ;
Till in a black-rough cataract he flies
O'er Death's enormous precipice ; and spies
The vast unfathomable gulph below,
Eternity's interminable flow,
On which he must a sail quite different spread,
Fraught with the fruits of ev'ry former deed.
Suppose man's life a journey. See him roll'd
In swathes of sorrow ent'ring on the world,

This gloomy, foreign, base, disorder'd scene;
No milder clime will deign to take him in,
Ah then, how helpless! Rock'd by his own cries,
Drench'd in his tears, and pierced by his sighs.
As on he fares, his path is more depriv'd
Of happiness than when he first arriv'd,
Yet the reverse he judges: to his eye
The prospect now inverts, and gaiety
Seems wooing all around; his bosom burns
With amorous lovers many, off he runs,
To silence this, or that, the vision fails,
And Disappointment's frozen cliff he scales.
Another ignis-fatuus thwarts his way,
Another passion prompts, he roves astray.
It flies, he seeks, it sinks, his heart appals,
And in remorse deep he floundering falls.
The scene now dim and dusky spreads: again
Objects with graver aspect soothe his pain,
Substantial endless bliss they promise: fast
As thought can goad him on, (scorning the past,)
He springs to grasp them, searching ev'ry where,
And rushes headlong in the brakes of Care.
Now flouncing, panting, struggling to get free,
He's more and more immers'd in misery.

Then gathering thick the glooms condense around,
He groans, and weeps, and hears the awful sound
Of hollow winds, and shaking quagmir'd plain ;
That length'ned sickness, these the bursts of pain ;
Which now perforce he must embrace, and dash
His high-built schemes aside as empty trash.
Behold him stand half-sunk amid the vale,
Tearing his hoary locks, faint, wasted, pale ;
The trembling victim of acutest woe,
Sore rent with many a pang, and bitter throe.

Now solid darkness covers all ; while Death,
Who'd ey'd him all along with cruel wrath,
And with the subtle tyger's greedy gaze,
Unseen, had dog'd him through each winding maze,
Advances boldly, quitting all his wiles,
Whetting his horid teeth, he grimly smiles ;
Then leaping quick with an infernal roar,
Lays the devoted wretch in fanguine gore.

The world's a lonely speck, or narrow ridge,
Between two boundless oceans : from the cage
Of Nothing, like a bird, man takes his flight,
And with a flutt'ring shriek on it doth light,

Detain'd a moment, and that moment fill'd
With a confused group of fancies wild;
Oppress'd, o'erjoy'd, he fobs, or struts, around;
Scarce knowing whence he came, or whither
bound.

Till urg'd by fate he makes a dubious spring,
And to the world of spirits bends his wing.
Ev'n such thy life, O man! But is there not
One sweeten'd morsel in thy hapless lot?
Does ne'er a ray of future glory dart
Assant the fullen shades to cheer thy heart?
If not, thou surely art of beings all
The most compleatly wretched. But, O call
Thy sleeping fires up my wounded soul!
And let thy own true nature scan the whole.
Shall suff'ring virtue be forgot by Heav'n,
And from the blest abodes be ever driv'n?
Shall the choicest flow'r of paradise,
For ever withering lie on Greenland's ice?
Shall she, the fairest daughter of the skies,
Above the clouds of sorrow never rise?
Shall she, th' eternal Father's best lov'd,
From his still-yearning bowels be remov'd,
An exil'd fugitive, to roam below,
Toil'd in the labyrinths of pain and woe?

O never, never ! Christian, stop thy grief ;
'Tis only follies, vice, and unbelief,
That render Life a Chaos : These alone,
Shall with their vot'ries (ah, what crouds !) be
 thrown

Far, far from blifs, into the infernal deep,
Crush'd yelling mad, in one promiscuous heap.

But thou, when past a few more dreary vales,
A few more desarts, rocks, and boist'rous gales,
A few more surges brav'd and battles fought,
In which thou now art strengthen'd, cheer'd, and
 taught,

Shalt spurn this atom-globe, dash clouds away,
Burst yon vast concave, spring to endless day.
Then art thou chang'd, thy labours fully paid,
Amongst the noblest Deity hath made.

Yon sun is darkness to the form of thine,
Wise, strong, immortal, holy, all divine,
Ambitious only to exel in praise,

Rich in the joys of God's meridian blaze,
(Joys ever new, enlarging, streaming o'er)
Compleatly happy, canst thou ask for more ?

Come then, my soul, from grov'ling aims arise,
Think on thy worth, behold thy native skies!
Shake well thy pinions, long by vice controul'd,
And, full of heaven, mount o'er this jarring world.
And, O thou matchless, self-existing Pow'r!
Whom Chaos, Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, adore
Prime source of all perfections, nameless Prince!
The first, the last, the great Omnipotence!
Who only to the womb of Nothing spake,
And worlds in glorious millions did awake,
Deck'd with peculiar graces, launch'd along
The boundless void in one harmonious throng;
Who doth with boundless goodness, pow'r, and
skill,
Adorn, support, direct, and rule them still;
Whose awful nod at last the scene shall close,
And plunge them in the blank, from whence they
rose;
Author of spirits, and men, ordain'd by thee,
To wear the robes of immortality:
Of man, thy fav'rite son, for whom (strange thought!)
Thou gav'st thy life, and thence more glory brought
To thy all glorious Self. O deign to smile
On mine endeavours, and my parent Isle.

As I profess, so make my life agree,
And let me centre all my hopes in thee.
As she in valour, sciences, and arts,
And envy'd liberty, a radiance darts
To climes the most remote : So may she shine
The first on earth, in virtues all divine.
Send pure religion forth around the coasts,
To lead exulting the resplendent hosts
Of love, humanity, and fortitude,
Truth, wisdom, peace, and goodness unwithstood ;
Then bid them nimbly sweep from pole to pole,
And round the globe their heav'nly treasures roll,
Till ev'ry bosom bloom a flow'ry Spring,
And Earth and Æther with thy praises ring.

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THOUGHTS

ON A

SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE softly-trickling show'r is o'er: and now,
Between yon western hill and the fair edge
Of swarthy cloud, hangs gorgeous, warm and mild,
The broad descending Sun. As some fond fire,
About to take a distant journey, calls
Smiles, comfort, conjugal affection, all
The father's tenderness, the husband's love,
Up to his face, and in caresses pours
Them on his weeping spouse, and prattling sons !
So, bowing low, and clust'ring all his beams
In one bright golden stream, yon parting Lord
Embraces Earth, her cheek all moist with tears,
And uses ev'ry winning art to please

Her num'rous offspring. Come now, let me leave
The wrangling world, with all its little cares,
Vexatious; all its follies, vain; the courts
Of mirth fallacious, where unreal joy
Flows frothy forth, and feeds a deeper woe,
The ceremonious circle, where the farce
Of double compliment is ever play'd;
The flow'ry lap of Pleasure, all her gay
Delusive train; the whole erroneous round
That mortals search for bliss, O may I leave!
Leave for the margin of a mazy brook
Sonorous; or the deep sequester'd vale,
With dews empearl'd o'er; th' embow'ring brake,
The gaudy mead, the richly-waving field,
The mossy rock stupendous, or the front
Of eastern hill, returning from afar,
The yellow glories of the King of Day.
There may I hold with Nature sweet discourse,
Explore her charms, refine and feast the soul!
But where or how begin? my youthful Muse,
Unequal to the task, amid the throng
Of countless charms, struggles perplex'd and lost!
How far, how vast, how varied, how serene!
How charming, how majestic is the whole!

Eastward I bend mine eyes, and all the broad
 Extensive landscape shines : rocks, villas, woods,
 Mountains, and rivers glitter in the blaze,
 While (pleasing contrast !) from yon awful hills,
 That swell and pierce the western sky, descend
 Shade after shade, soft-mingling o'er the plains :
 With dark-brown dusky sweep they search and fill,
 Glen, grove, and lawn ; then, proud aspiring, climb
 Each eminence, and drive the radiance on
 Before them bright'ning, till hemm'd round, and
 forc'd
 To seek the loftiest peak, push'd closer still,
 It gleams around, then quivers, faints, and dies.

And is another day for ever gone !
 It is, it is : fled to the Judge of all,
 With ev'ry guilty blot, with ev'ry flow'r
 Which half a world hath giv'n it ; only here
 The bare remembrance of a few is left.
 Important truth ! and yet bewitched man
 Roves unalarm'd, from vice to vice, as if
 His crimes were wholly in oblivion lost.

Ye rambling throng ! who tamely yield to each
 Unbridled passion's giddy impulse ; ye

Licentious sons of appetite ! whose breasts
Have ne'er inhal'd the soul-dilating warmth
Of sacred friendship, love, and virtuous peace ;
Ye asps of envy ! whose dark bosoms swell
With restless fiery poison—strangers to
Content in wealth, or patience in distress ;
Ye fordid brood of av'rice ! vult'rous race,
Keen griping ! who expel each social tie
That should the world unite, mild Charity,
Sweet Pity, and Benevolence ; ye wild
Ambitious rovers ! wasting ev'ry hour
In dreams of greatness, ev'ry thought on bliss
Which (as ye view it) never yet was born.
Ye red-revengeful furies ! whose rough hearts
Boil with a deadly rage, whose vital blood
Flows fast with latent gall ; ye bosom-foes !
Who ape the friend, and suck each secret out
From unsuspecting, undesigning men—
Then, ah ! ungratefully renounce them, and
With villany betray ; ye hatchers of
Contention and disorder ! who embroil
Whole fam'lies, states and nations, plunging all
In one wide wild confusion ; Commerce, Laws,
Arts, Sciences, Religion, Honour bleed,

And Kings! ev'n Kings are butcher'd——

———Pause, and think,
 All ye, and thousands more, who cherish vice;
 O learn to think, that but a few more days
 Will fly, to swell your sum of deeds, till full
 The great account, and you must answer all!
 But mine are also mark'd: my days and nights
 Are also number'd: can I then presume
 To bare the frailties of the world, and quite
 O'erlook my own, forget or muffle all,
 When ev'n perhaps the new-deceased day
 Hath been the last for me! Thrice awful thought!
 O thou all-pure, all-potent, gracious Good,
 Who know'st that mortals are a needy, weak,
 Corrupted race, ray down thy light Divine,
 To chase the selfish mists that dim my eyes,
 The lazy clouds of carnal-ease, the deep
 Dark glooms of ignorance and unbelief
 That envelope the soul! O teach me, by
 The proofs thy Providence displays around
 Of life's frail, short, uncertain span, to meet,
 Not unprepar'd, the solemn, final hour.
 'Twixt op'ning morn and now, what mighty swarms
 Of disembodied spirits have resign'd

This earth, for future worlds! How many fair,
Harmonious, stately human-forms, have dropt
Into the silent tomb! But one for all
May well suffice: Evander's fun'ral bell,
Not four hours since, assail'd my wounded ear,
And, O my wounded heart! My full, full heart!
That heaves at ev'ry thought! 'Tis friendship's force,
Immortal friendship! that now gathers strength,
And twists itself in ev'ry fibre! Ah,
The big round tear must fall: Dear clay-cold youth!
Thy fate was sure particularly meant
To awe, chastise, awake, and quicken me!
Coeval to a day, companions close,
And loving friends we were. Tho' fortune had
Made thine th' exalted, mine the humble lot,
Thy steady, warm, disinterested love
Blaz'd only brighter: thy mild heart, uncrampt
With paltry-cares, was gen'rous, and unburnt
With furious passions, arrogance disdain'd.
Thy mind unshackel'd with the vicious bands
That bind the grov'ling, sprung sublime, and spurn'd
This world's deceitful visionary train.
And art thou gone? O what a blow was that,
A dreadful blow: that when in all the bloom

Of vernal youth thou stood'st, when splendid wealth,
 When downy pleasure, sanguine hopes, and fair
 Unspotted fame were thine ; when ev'ry pow'r
 Was thirsting after science, ev'ry nerve
 Was full of vivid spirit, when the heart,
 Exulting at the ruddy source of life,
 Sent and recall'd her streams, that jocund play'd
 Thro' ev'ry cherish'd-vein, and beauty gave
 To all thy polish'd fabric, flush'd aloft
 The graceful crimson that adorn'd thy cheek,
 And o'er thy face diffus'd each winning charm,
 Which caught the fair, and from the virgin's breast
 Exhal'd the secret sigh ; when thou didst wait,
 With fond impatience, for th' appointed day
 That should unite thee with some peerless dame,
 Accomplish'd as thyself ; when ev'n arriv'd,
 At that gay gaudy hour, when mortals most
 Desire to live, to hurl thee fiercely down
 Into a hungry grave, and rob me of
 A part of life, a tender vital part.

But cease, presumptuous Muse ! thy impious
 plaint,
 Nor dare to tax th' inviolable law

That Wisdom Infinite hath nature giv'n,
Nor think the Omnific Parent knows not when
To call his sons, that for a little time
He had commission'd here. And ye who feel
The fond fraternal tie, who in his fate
Lament a fire and mother from you torn!
O check your murmurs, and adore that Pow'r,
Whose deep, mysterious, never-erring ways
Ye cannot scan. Ere long the morn shall dawn,
The happy morn, when ev'ry dusky cloud
Shall be dispell'd, and to th' astonish'd fight
The long, long winding, wond'rous, mystic maze
Of Providence, with ev'ry wise and just,
And holy end, that in it was wound up,
Shall clear and dazzling burst. When virtuous
friends,
Whose bosoms here reciprocally glow'd,
And was the pillow to each others pain,
The cream of joy, the very salt of life,
Till thrust assunder by the tyrant Death,
Shall never meet to part no more: where dying
groans
Shall never pain the ear, where fights of woe
Shall never meet the eye, to melt the heart

In streams of sorrow ; but on joys unmix'd,
 Full and eternal, they shall richly feast,
 Amid the august, innumerable throng
 Of happy beings, that transported sing
 Their high harmonious song, shall mingle theirs,
 While sweet celestial rapture warms their breasts.
 And should not ours distend ? Should not our souls,
 Inspir'd by thoughts like these, exulting spring
 Above the transient woes, the narrow aims,
 The guilty fears of life, and virtue seek,
 And pant with ardour for the glorious scene ?

Now peaceful Ev'ning reigns : her humid, soft,
 Bespangled pinions, fanning odours sweet,
 And whisp'ring music ; o'er a dewy world
 She spreads delightful. How enchanting all
 The ample rural scene to the sedate,
 The musing man : unscorched, unfatigu'd ;
 Nor incompos'd by the glare of day,
 Nor aw'd by fullen night ; unpierced by
 A gale too hasty, or a sound too harsh,
 He may transported rove. Now from the dale,
 With pasture satisfy'd, the kine approach,
 Heavy with tribute, which they daily pay

To man : his best of nutriment. How sweet
They breathe around, how innocent they chew
The wholesome cud, and oft with sudden stop
They break the hollow lowe, which from afar
Is answer'd eager by their folded young ;
While the young heifer, and the brawny ox,
Gambol regardless round. The harmless lambs
Forget their play, diverting ; and behind
Their fleecy mothers close, and careless lie.

But the gay tenants of the shade are yet
All bright activity ; for, hark ! they pour
Responsive hymns, from ev'ry copse and tree,
Full on the ravish'd ear, and ardent wake
The energy, the very soul of song.
Thus will they warble grateful in the ear
Of their Creator, till the quivering lamps
of Heav'n shall on Night's mantle shine, and bid
Them flutt'ring feat themselves to calm repose.

But see, behind that range of sycomores,
The joyful throng returning lightly clad,
From yon luxuriant mead, where many a row
Of fragrant hay-cocks equal rise, the day's

Delightful labour. O how happy they!
 Blythe, rosy, buxom, fair, enkindling up
 The pliant heart of ev'ry rustic youth
 In pleasing flames; the maids together link:
 And whisp'ring tell (alternate deeply touch'd)
 The charms and foibles of their lover-train:
 Then all at once they burst the hearty-loud,
 Ironical laugh, and jostle thro' and thro'.
 While cutting short the highly-whistled air,
 And verses wildly sung, the chiding youths
 Immingle quick; and each one warmly hauls
 The half reluctant screaming dame he loves,
 And all in wrestling harmless revell'ry
 They rolling fall. Then each his willing prize
 Locks in his happy arm, and on they walk
 Across the lawn apart: while all the soft
 Simplicity of virtuous love they use,
 And oft the killing balmy kisses they steal,
 Till sight of home alarms and separates all.

Say ye, who dwell in lofty palaces,
 Who roll in affluence, who blaze in pomp,
 Who sink in luxury, and tow'r in honour—
 Say, can ye find such truly-blooming joys,

Such peaceful slumber, such exalted health,
Such unmix'd passions, such content as theirs?

But why have I unnotic'd left so long
Yon matchless western scene? The gen'rous Sun,
Tho' rising radiant, rich with life and heat
On other nations, hath Britannia's weal
Still near his heart: Tho' from the hilly Isle
He must withdraw his face; behold his beams
Obliquely shot, and from the atmosphere
Refracted gay and lovely: O how strong,
How lively painted glow yon clust'ring clouds!
They swell, evolve, and bathe their ev'ry side
Amid the ruddy glory; then how slow
They creep along the sky, as loth to lose
Their world engaging charms, so lately found.
But still another train comes sailing on
In pleas'd succession; catching the same hues,
Then floating off; succeeded still by more:
Emblems of mortals quickly leaving all
This world's vain, fair-fac'd, unsubstantial show,
Which they so fondly grasp'd, and hugg'd a while,
To others, charm'd, and fool'd, and swift, as they.
Now faintly trembling past the spacious halls,

Where Boreas sleeps, with all his stormy crew,
 Th' aerial grandeur softly steals away,
 Then, vision-like, evanishes at once.

So fades the gaudy face of Earthly things :
 Walls, cities, temples, monuments, and tow'rs,
 And pyramids, the sweeping hand of Time
 Lays low in dust. Where's now the reg'lar form,
 The vast amazing bulk, the massy strength,
 The beautiful appearance, and the wealth
 Of brazen-gated Babylon? Where is
 The fame of Solyma? Alas! where is
 Her solemn sacred temple, blazing bright
 With polish'd gold; the glory of the Earth,
 Where the Almighty Sovereign lov'd to dwell?
 Where's now the many-circling mazy walls,
 The deeply-awful, ivy-mantled domes,
 The gorgeous group of molten Deities,
 The melting music, the enraptur'd shouts
 Of Illium? Where is now sage Athens, with
 Her eagle-eyes, her ever-stretching mind,
 Her far-fam'd knowledge, and her moral wisdom?
 Where's now the pride, the widely-conquering arms
 Of Persia, Greece, and Carthage? Where is all

The dazzling pomp of Rome? Her Capitol,
Her amphitheatres, marble arches, spires,
Thick glitt'ring in the sky, rich palaces,
Triumphal, grand processions, boundless pow'r,
And that high title, Mistress of the World?
All, all are gone: or to an atom shrunk,
Or long since buried in a dreary blank.
Dark, mournful thought! may I indulge a sigh,
And wipe a starting tear unblam'd? But, ah!
These all are nothing to the future scene,
The dreadful closing scene, which must ere long
Display its terrors wide thro' Nature's works.

Tremendous period! when this goodly globe,
With all the stores in its capacious womb,
With all the roaring oceans, peaceful streams,
Enormous mountains, pond'rous rocks, dark woods,
And brilliant cities that its surface clothe,
Shall, wrapt in flames, dissolve. Nor Earth alone;
The whole surrounding crouds of yon immense,
Ethereal wild, (to her superior far)
Of splendour, force, and harmony bereft,
Shall in confusion rush, affrighted fall,
And universal devastation roll.

What then is permanent? where are the climes
In which the just reside? Th' Eternal Pow'r,
Whose mighty hand all struggling nature grasps,
Who can create, destroy, and mould anew,
Is still the same pervading, happy, good,
Unchanged Being: and where'er he sheds
His love Divine, there Heaven surely is.

Great Omnipresent God! O teach me then,
While yet the springs of life are moving on,
And Time continues: teach me to despise
The weak support of all created things;
To live to Thee, to build my hopes on Thee,
'Mid all the toils of life, and pains of Death:
That when the thunders of thy wrath shall roar,
I may be safe, and ever-blest with Thee.

THE

HERMIT OF ESK.

BENEATH a lofty, shelt'ring, shaggy pile
Of wood-surrounded rocks, abrupt and hoar,
That overlook a spacious chequer'd plain,
Thro which Esk's heavy founding billows roll,
A lonely Hermit stood : a staff upheld
His aged, bending form ; the frail remains
Of a once stately fabric. On the gale
His locks all silvery wav'd : His feeble limbs
Could scarce support him to his mossy seat,
The seat where oft he lean'd, to call up all
His young atchievements, and to store his soul
For the long voyage she was soon to make.
Stiffly he sat him down : and buried deep
In solemn searching thought, remain'd a while ;
Then turn'd his dim-eyes on surrounding heav'n,
And thus his sad soliloquy began.

The clouds are gathering in the west. The blast
Howls the grove. The mountain streams descend
In cadence hoarse and dismal. Pale with grief
Yon wand'ring son of Heav'n averts his eye,
And on a fable vale let's fall a tear.

How lifeless, dreary, dark, and desolate
Appears the face of things! Stern winter hath
Struck all the sprightly songsters dull and dumb,
Hath stript the meadows of their gay green robes,
And from the trees their blooming honours torn;
Hath keenly edged ev'ry breeze, and giv'n
Yon withered summit's snowy locks, like mine,
A true, unlovely picture of myself,
Is all I see: decay'd and sunk beneath
A multitude of years, the burden of
Infirmities, and the black clouds of woe,
I tott'ring stand. The surly blasts of Death,
That have so many levelled around,
While I stood unmolested, soon will make
My drooping frame their unresisting prey.

But yet I fondly thought, that gracious Heav'n,
Who hath my awful guardian been for more
Than a whole century of rolling years,

Who led me dauntless thro' the battle's rage,
In which I gain'd some honourable scars,
Who shew'd me baffled Nations, falling Kings,
Divided kingdoms, and convulsed states,
Who now had borne me down a pleasing calm,
To this sequest' red cottage : glad to know
My joyful country flourishing around,
In all the blessings of establish'd peace :
I fondly thought that gracious Pow'r would have
Laid me in quiet in the tomb, while she
Continued rich and happy. But, alas !
How vain were all my hopes ! Internal broils,
In Gallia's land, that have her bowels torn,
Her laws subverted, Church and altars robb'd,
Her fields and cities drench'd in blood, and ev'n
Her prince have slain : have now rous'd up, thro' all
The civilized world the tyrant War,
With all his savage train, more fierce and grim
Than hist'ry ever knew. I shake to think
On the tremendous tempests now let loose,
To ravage far and wide the peopled Earth !
Loud, loud I hear the hollow engines roar,
Disgorging from their throats a thousand Deaths,
That thick and rapid fly for prey : I hear

The crash of falling walls, of bursting gates,
And tumbling structures, half-consum'd with fire !
I see wide-wasting Ruin ev'ry where ;
Rough oceans rolling black with shatter'd ships,
And pale dismember'd carcases ; broad fields,
Heap'd high with mangled heroes ; rivers dy'd,
And swell'd, and warm'd with blood : meagre and
fell

I see the Pest'lence and the Famine, fast
Pursuing what th' infuriate rage of arms
Hath left : and, ah ! my heart is wrung to see
So many helpless orphans cry amidst
The pains of want, so many widows pine,
In unavailing grief, so many fires,
Beset with cares, with age, and sickness, mourn
In ceaseless woe their children lost as I do.

Alas ! no more than one dear son I had,
The darling of my life, my sole support,
And he is gone, magnanimous and keen,
To seek the horrors of the murd'ring scene,
And tho' by me unblam'd ; tho' ev'n inspir'd
By me, to banish sloth and glory seek,
Yet Nature will be Nature still : at least

In a frail woe-worn, helpless, poor old man.
Perhaps while I sit here lamenting thus,
Impell'd by bravery, and o'erpower'd by crouds
He falls, and breathes no more. Thou Dread Supreme!

Who rulest ev'ry mystic turn of war,
O let me be deceiv'd! protect my boy,
And send him home (tho' too, too late for my
Embrace) with honours great, and justly won.
And O with success crown thy much-lov'd Isle,
Thy fam'd Britannia: fire her hardy sons
With that true courage, wisdom, fortitude,
That independence, that unconquer'd zeal,
Which erst their fathers knew: in ev'ry breast
Awake a truly patriotic love;
And while with seas, and foes, they combat hard
May the warm thought of what they're labouring for,
The preservation of their envy'd bliss,
Their wholesome laws, Religion undisturb'd,
Unequall'd Science, Manufactures rich,
Unbounded Commerce, well-improved Arts,
Sweet Peace, and Liberty, two sky-born Queens,
That long have nurs'd and beautified the whole.
Be life to ev'ry heart, strength to each arm,

And balm to ev'ry wound. Cemented firm,
And keenly spurr'd by this, what mighty deeds
Will be atchiev'd by all! How will the fierce
Imbattled thousands rise, like stormy clouds,
Or the wild billows of the northern main,
When heav'd by wintery winds! How will the eyes
Of ev'ry warrior flaming roll! How will
Their bosoms swell, their souls with ardour spring
Impatient, as they close, and equal march
In all the awful pomp of war, amid
The blaze of arms, the high inspiring sounds
Of martial music, and respondent neigh
Of furious steeds, that foam and prance along!

But when the trumpet's loud commanding clang
Awakes, and bids the bloody strife begin,
Heav'ns! what a deluge of destructive wrath
They'll pour upon the foe! each soldier then
Will shine a puissant hero, emulous
To merit praise, and raise his country's fame.
Ev'n he who dies, will fall amid renown,
Great in the ruins his own hand hath spread.

Meantime, how will the gloomy squadrons sweep
The ocean round, resistless, tall, and vast,
The terror of the world : Each vessel huge,
A dreadful magazine of thunderbolts,
Black tempests, plagues, and Death : how will they
rush

Full on their proud opposers ; and, as when
Vesuvius flings her flaming intrails from
Her bellowing sides, devouring all around,
They will their storms discharge, and force their foes
To own Britannia mistress of the deep.

What rich emoluments will then arise,
To pay for all the toil ? what sacred rights,
And wealth will be regain'd ? what trophies rear'd,
What glory, happiness, and dreaded pow'r
Will be for ever fix'd ? my kindling soul
Forgets her clog of dust, my age falls off,
My blood flows warm, my heart beats high, and
youth

Returns at the reflection ! O to be
Once more in armour cas'd, and plung'd amidst
The thickest ranks, the hottest fury, and
The wildest noise of war ! enraptur'd I

Would strain each nerve, and, or victorious spread
Grim Death around, or freely spend the last
Red drop of life in my lov'd Country's cause!

But ah! what do I talk: 'tis vision all,
And vain imagination: old and spent,
And impotent I am: my youthful days
Are vanish'd like a dream, my field-exploits
Are gone for ever: Life's rough crooked road
Is nearly ended, and, fatigu'd and faint,
On the dark threshold of the grave I stand.

To the great God of battles I commit
Britannia's int'rests; these may he direct
And prosper while the shifting seasons roll.
And I intrust that same great Being with
My Death-defying Spirit, soon to quit
This cumb'rous covering of corrupted clay:
O may he raise it, in his arms of love,
To yon bright regions, where malignant Vice,
Age, Care, Remorse, Grief, Poverty, Disease,
Broils, Wars, and Death, are never, never known.

This said, he rose, and, shivering in the gale,
That bleak and beist'rous round the mountain blew,
Retired slowly to his humble cote,
And left me unperceiv'd to think on all.

S T O R M Y N I G H T.

NOW Night, in awful grandeur, spreads her
wing,

And calls her dark-brow'd fullen train around :

Clouds roll on clouds, black, heavy, vast, and wild ;

Now held, now driv'n, now sunk, now whirl'd sublime,

By furious winds that war, and groan above ;

The sound how dismal to the list'ning ear !

Where shall I turn mine eyes ? appall'd I stand

Amid the wide condensing dreary gloom.

Heav'ns ! what a flash ! Does Heav'n itself descend

In one august interminable blaze !

'Tis gone : but hark ! the thunder loudly bursts,

And roars tremendous thro' the vault ; again

The gloom is rent, the flaming bolt descends
With rapid force, and tears the lofty oak,
Whose falling crash re-echoes horrid peals.
Now from torn clouds whole torrents pour at once;
Yet pour as oil on flame; for quick as thought
Redoubled lightnings glance, and Æther flies
Trembling before the noise: When from the waste,
That fronts the portals of the angry north,
Rush the destructive storms, with hideous howl,
And into Chaos hurl Earth, Sea and Air.
Why shrinks my soul? why creeps the freezing
blood?
Why this cold sweat, that now bedews my limbs?
'Tis Guilt, confounded at the bar within:
O Virtue! charming fair! come to my breast,
And calm these tumults, worse than all around.
The soul, possess'd of Thee, has nought to fear,
From raging elements, commix'd in war:
These weapons are within a Father's grasp.
The "Cause of causes" sits enthron'd alike
On the black tempest, or the silver cloud;
His nod collects, disperses, fires, commands,
And calms them all to meekness. Ev'n when all
The works of Nature shall together fight;

A STORMY NIGHT.

103

When worlds and suns shall tumble from their
spheres,

And flaming waves lash round each massy ball;
His mighty arm shall shield her from the wreck,
And hide her in his bosom of repose.

ACROSTIC,

Written extemporary, at the desire of a gentleman then about to leave the Country.

J est not so fast with friendship, love and me,
O Fortune, fickle Dame! for thou shalt see,
H earts join'd by Heaven disdain thy haughty pride,
N or Time, nor distance, can them e'er divide.

T o thee, Amanda, on the whistling wind,
E ach tender thought I'll send; and hope to find
L ove, truth, and virtue playing round thy breast,
F rom doubts and fears, and jealousies at rest;
E namour'd more and more I'll count thy charms;
R eturn, and clasp thee in my longing arms.

EDWIN AND CATHERINE;

OR,

THE DISTRESSED LOVERS.

A TRAGEDY.

Q



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

LORD M'GREGOR.

LORD M'DONALD.

REYNALDO, Son to M'Gregor.

EDWIN, an Orphan brought up by M'Gregor.

RUFUS.

HERMIT.

BRYNA.

W O M E N.

CATHERINE, Daughter to M'Gregor.

EUPHRESIA, Sister to Edwin, and friend to Catherine.

GUARDS, ASSASSINS, &c.

SCENE, In the end of the Act, lies in the Island of Pomona ; through the rest of the Play, in M'Gregor's Castle, and woods adjoining.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

M. E. L.

REPORT OF THE

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EDWIN AND CATHERINE.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *A Hall.*

M'GREGOR, REYNALDO.

REYNALDO.

THESE are my sentiments upon the subject.

M'GREGOR.

And dost thou think they e'er shall be receiv'd?
Shall I my daughter's hand give to a poor
Despised orphan? Surely such a thought
Hath never yet found entrance to my breast,
Else I'd not plung'd him in the depth of battle,
Before his arm was strong to wield a spear?
But being acquainted with his ill-tim'd love,
His insolence, his daring high presumption,
I thought, and thought again, what way to take,

What safest way, to crop the growing evil
Which ev'ry day I saw increase before me :
And sure, at last, I did it with that skill,
That caution, and that deep discerning judgment,
Which ev'ry sage will justify : I stretch'd
Not forth my hand to stain it with his blood,
Tho' rage and honour call'd for vengeance on 'im ;
But far beyond his most exalted hopes,
Vain as they are, I told him I design'd
He should command the fleet chose from the clans,
And fail against the Danes, our threat'ning foes.

REYNALDO.

The world calumniates the deed, my father.
Tho' he was born to matchless bravery, yet
He being a youth not well inur'd to arms,
Not much accusom'd to the din of battle,
The hard fatigue of war, of camps and sieges,
What can they think?—Believe it, sir, I've heard
Them, speaking of him, call to mind the deed,
The horrid deed of Israel's second king
Done to Uriah, and say yours resembles't.

M'GREGOR.

Resemble it! — The case is widely different.
He sent him out, the bearer of his doom;
I gave him honour and the chance of fortune;
What then have busy, meddling men to say?
Or why dost thou thus merit my displeasure?
Should he be buried in the ocean's womb,
I'd think my house well rid of such a reptile,
And to his mem'ry never drop one tear:
Or should he fall in battle, should his blood
Smoke on the spear of some insatiate foe,
His own hard fate, not I would be the cause,
My breast would still be clear, my conscience would,
Free from his death, still sleep in sweet repose;
Ev'n tho' he should return in splendid pomp,
Crown'd with victorious laurels, I would send 'im
Far as the liquid salt can carry fail:
For while I live, she never shall be his.

REYNALDO.

Much honour'd father, storn not thus at me;
Tho' I now speak in favour of my friend,

My long, my well-try'd friend—I own that fortune,
Through blind neglect, to Edwin hath deny'd
Her fickle favours, titles, riches, pleasure;
Yet these are only gilded, transient toys,
Mere empty bubbles, faithless as the wind,
And make no part of real substantial greatness;
But he possesses far, far greater wealth:
A soul bred up to virtuous deeds; a breast
Warm-glowing with affection, love, and courage;
A heart of truth, that never can dissemble;
A fortitude, that baffles all affliction;
A mind sedate, yet so delightful mix'd
With gaiety of spirits, ever tun'd
For social friendship, and the work of heav'n.
And what might still endear the youth to you,
He is of your own clan: His father once,
You know, was Lord of great Pomona's isle;
Till forc'd by cruel Malcom's jealous rage,
He left his country, and resign'd his lands
To the extortioner, and gave his son,
The infant Edwin, unto heav'n and you,
Now to the blissful regions he is wafted,
And finds the crowns, and garlands of the just,
More than enough for what he lost below.

M'GREGOR.

Full well indeed thou play'st the orator,
The moralist, the advocate as well:
This long harangue of thine is wond'rous pleasing,
And really charms th' enthusiastic ear;
But since I'm grown thy pupil, tell me something
More new, or more delighting to the mind!
For what tho' thy discourse be thinly straw'd
With languid truths, what dost thou call the rest,
The greater part—But call them what thou wilt,
I call them lies accursed—O my heart!—
Rise, reason, rise, and quench my kindling rage.

REYNALDO.

He is not mov'd, why need I talk of virtue,
Or speak of pedigree, where wealth is wanting?
I'll come more near him. [Aside.]

———Let me speak this once,
Then take your pleasure.———

P

M'GREGOR.

———No, I've heard enough.
Enough of thy refined sophistry,
Thy dull, contracted morals—Well, indeed
I'm really low since thou must be my teacher.
I see his mimicking the Saint before thee,
Has made thy poor enthusiastic brain
Run mad, and coin for him a stock of virtues
He never knew. Thou thinkest all this praise
Which thou so lavishly bestow'st upon him
Will reconcile me, and regain my favour,
But my fix'd purpose still remains the same.
Even for his birth, allowing it was noble,
Where is the glory now? a shadow barely
Without a substance—and without a charm.

Enter BRYNA.

BRYNA.

A messenger demands admittance to you.

M'GREGOR.

A messenger ! who is he?——

BRYNA.

——My good lord,
His habit speaks him great M'Donald's page.

M'GREGOR.

'Tis well ; conduct him hither. [*Exit* BRYNA.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE.

——Noble Lord,
Your pardon for this boldness.

M'GREGOR.

——It is granted.
On the account of thy brave, gen'rous master,
Whom, for his favours, I will ever love,

I truly bid thee a most heartily welcome :
How fares my friend, the noble Lord Macdonald.

PAGE.

Health waits on him, Sir. Down by the stream
But now I left him, where he halts to rest
Himself, and servants, tired with the chase,
And as an earnest of the hunting spoils,
And his strong love for Catherine, he has sent
By me, the present of a little fawn,
Which we within its den surpris'd asleep ;
He wishes she'd accept it for his sake,
For with it comes his best of gifts, his heart.
Ere this time now he's on his journey here,
Another hour shall see him in your presence.

M'GREGOR.

Thanks, modest youth, I'm much thy Master's
debtor,
And to repay him shall sincerely strive.
Ho, there !

Enter BRYNA.

BRYNA.

My lord.

M'GREGOR.

—— Here, take with thee this youth,
And entertain him as befits my honour.

BRYNA.

Your pleasure, Sir, shall be observ'd.

[*Exit, with* PAGE.]

M'GREGOR.

—— Well, boy,

I hope no more thou'll stab me with the sound
Of that eternal shame, that foul disgrace,
Thou mean'st to bring upon our ancient house.
Thou see'st I for my daughter have a match,
A glorious match, shall dignify our line

With blooming splendour, and unequal'd pow'r ;
A man possess'd of excellence, and wealth,
Of ev'ry gift that nature thought the best ;
And dost thou think, thou low, thou shallow no-
thing,
That e'er thy minion, a poor beardless boy,
Shall dare to vie with this renowned lord,
This radiant, peerless, Caledonian Star !

REYNALDO.

Why need I speak, why need I utter more,
Since angry tempests in your bosom rise.
All I could say, would only urge the flame
Which gnaws your vitals, dear, dear honour'd fa-
ther.
Let me be calm, and silent, as the eve
When ev'ry gentle breeze has ceas'd to play ;
And only in the soothing form of duty,
To you, my sister, and myself, once speak :
If you have pity to be wrought upon,
If you have love within your bosom lodg'd ;
By all the tender ties that parents know,
I here conjure you to forget that wrath.

My sister's happiness is now at stake,
A serious, tender subject, to be touch'd :
If she be willing, I shall well agree,
But well I know the dear, dear, tender thoughts,
The soft sensations, that in crowds arise,
Throb round her heart, and innocently play,
With love, and longing to her absent Edwin.

M'GREGOR.

Perdition to that name! detested thought!
But come, no more, time brooks of no delay,
Now smooth thy brow, with courteous smiles to
meet

Our coming guest, nor dare to lurk one frown;
Away with haste to seek the pensive fair,
I think she wanders in the oaken grove;
That place, forsooth, she surely thinks is sacred,
For there she still delights to dwell alone.

REYNALDO.

Sacred indeed, by love's most sacred vows.

[*Aside.*]

M'GREGOR.

Bid her throw off each heavy cloud of woe,
Each anxious fear, each dark perplexing doubt;
Resume her wonted gaiety, and come
Directly with thee, to attend a friend,
A noble guest, who now awaits her presence.
Tell her withal, the match is now concluded;
No more she needs bemoan her hapless fate,
I've wisely ponder'd in my mind her case,
And soon shall see her happy in a husband.
Be quick; do this, while I attend Macdonald.

[Exit M'GREGOR.]

REYNALDO. *Solus.*

What shall I make of these ambiguous words,
The match concluded!—Sure 'tis not with Edwin?
If with Macdonald, wretched Catherine's fate.
Can robes of gold array the mind with peace?
Can sordid treasures bring content; or fill
The vast desires of a soul immortal!
What shall I tell my sister? how behave?
When in the presence of the injur'd fair

Should I dissemble? Oh! forbid it, Heav'n!
Should I be plain; the consequence is fatal:
And what adds deeper horror to the gloom
That low'rs around, is my own latent love
To that fair charmer. O undone Euphresia!
Not for my own, but for thy fate I shrink,
When to my fire our loves must be reveal'd!
What shall I do, in this mysterious juncture?
Thou Pow'r, who rul'st above yon azure sky!
Who only speaks, and man to being comes,
Who only nods, and mortals are no more;
Deign to look down on this disorder'd maze!
O rule it as thy wisdom thinks most meet.
Let not a parent give such loose to wrath,
But bridle his ungovern'd rage. And, O!
Restrain his avarice! let him no more
Adore this world, and thus dishonour thee!
Now, trusting unto him, who sits on high,
May I not linger here, but quickly fly
To my lov'd sister, there to tell her all;
And if one's doom'd to perish, both shall fall.

End of the first Act.

Q

A C T II.

SCENE, *A deep wood. On one hand, a bower and lofty oak; on the other, a winding river, and slanting vale, terminated by the ocean.*

Enter CATHERINE.

How long, how long, O Edwin! shall I mourn
Thy tedious absence, with a flood of tears?
How long shall sad remembrance paint the hour,
That tore thee from these arms; that urg'd, yea,
forc'd

Thee on yon boist'rous ocean, wide and wild,
To combat storms, yet, yet at last resign
Thy vanquish'd valour to the savage waves?
Thrice wretched Catherine! ever hapless youth!
Thy dear, thy lovely form, by Nature fram'd,
Is ever present in my anxious breast;
Is pictur'd on my soul, thy image yet
Appears to fancy real, as when thou took'st
Thy last adieu of me, beneath the shade
Of yonder bow'r, avowing constant love!
Love strong as death, which oceans cannot quench,

Nor the extensive breadth of sea divide;
A love thou swore, and seal'd it with a kiss,
Pledg'd by this ring, thy finger long had wore;
That ev'n my too, too cruel fire, with all
His frowns, his threats, and worse dissembling
 smiles,
Should never, never vanquish, nor destroy.
But, ah! tormenting anguish—Blameless youth!
When shall these vows, so sacred, so sincere,
Be e'er perform'd, in the behalf of me!
Doom'd to misfortunes, destin'd to the worst
Of human ills—an early, dismal grave
Ope its voracious jaws, and thee ingulphs,
Ingulphs beneath th' enormous load of waves,
That overwhelm the vast capacious channel of
The mighty deep—dash'd in some cavern's gloom,
Ah! now thou ly'st. Instead of groves, and bow'rs,
And arbours lin'd with love, where we together
Oft spent our joyful hours of youthful prime,
Thou find'st a pillow of the rough sea weed,
Or else perhaps a fish's entrails give
A bed to thee! While I, abandon'd, roam
Through all our former haunts, delightful all,
No joys they bring to me. Like hounds that chase

The panting doe, inflexible despair
Close, close pursues me, and ere long shall push
My trembling spirit o'er Life's giddy verge.

Enter REYNALDO at a distance.

Who's that disturbs me? Cruel fate! shall I,
Beside this sacred oak, not spend an hour,
A solemn hour, and dedicate it to him.

REYNALDO, (*coming forward*).

Good angels guard thee! Start not, O my sister—

CATHERINE.

Away, my frenzy, 'tis the best of brothers—
O my Reynaldo! how my spirits heave,
My heart, that quite was sunk, now mounts apace,
And ev'ry quick'ning vital plays around:
My soul, my very soul goes out to meet thee,
My only comfort now, my life's best guardian.

REYNALDO.

Compose thy scatter'd spirits; summon reason,

Let her sit empress in thy breast awhile,
To rule the passions for a little moment :
I have a wounding story for thy ear ;
Time's on the wing, and I must haste to tell it,

CATHERINE.

Ha! what! does it concern thyself, or me,
Thy lov'd Euphresia, or my dear, dear Edwin.

REYNALDO.

The tale I bring does deeply touch thy love.

CATHERINE.

Distraction—horror—O my tortur'd heart!
I cannot hold it, speak or else it bursts;
O Virtue! help me now to stand the shock;
Inspire with courage my weak woman's soul!
To hear the dirge of my far better half—
Say is he basely murder'd.———

REYNALDO.

Heav'n knows that:

I hope it smiles more favourably on him,
My trusty page, but a few minutes since
Is from me gone, the spy I oft did send
Down to the northern cliffs, to view from far
If he discover'd ought of Edwin's fleet.

CATHERINE.

A heav'n of blessings wait thee. But go on.

REYNALDO.

He told me, far as straining eye could search,
He spy'd a blackness on the foaming surge,
And as it nearer drew, he could discern,
Plainly discern, the truth of what he wish'd,
The snowy canvass swelling in the gale,
Not far they seem'd beyond the Pentland frith.

CATHERINE. •

Now I begin to gather life—thy words

Strike soft harmonious music through the soul.
Like the young babe, ere it beholds the world,
I faintly leap, tho' press'd on every side.

REYNALDO.

How shall I tell the rest? how can she bear it?

[*Aside.*]

CATHERINE.

By why continue here? away I fly
Fast as my tott'ring limbs can bear me on,
Spite of a father's rage, to meet my love,
And die contented in his faithful arms.

REYNALDO.

Not yet, my sister. Did I not conjure thee,
To wait with patience, till I told it all:
A time more private, yea; a fitter time,
Ere long shall see thee with the man thou lov'st—
At present calm thyself within, and try
If it be possible to force a smile:

My father's mandate bids thee come before him,
Deck'd with thy wonted gaiety: My Lord
Macdonald is his guest. Why dost thou start?

CATHERINE.

Oh my brother! my heart forbodes more woe,
But let it come, it cannot me surprize,
The ghastly fiend is now familiar to me:
Speak on, speak on, and tell me all my fears!

REYNALDO.

I wish I could, but O! we both are doom'd
By Fate's decree, to share a life of grief!
Long, long I with our fire have su'd in vain,
Reason'd with warmth upon your Edwin's love,
Told o'er his virtues; virtues known to all,
Well known to him, had av'rice kept away.
Inflexible he seem'd, deaf to my words,
Unpitying of my tears; he rag'd, he storm'd,
Opprobrious names he call'd us; when a youth
Sent by Macdonald, in abruptly enter'd,
Telling his master follow'd, a young fawn,

Which was surpris'd alive, he said he'd brought
His master's proffer'd gift, and pledge of love,
To you, my sister, which he means ere long
To urge at full.——

CATHERINE.

—— Too often urg'd already.

REYNALDO.

Wealth makes him bold, thy father's approbation
Doth make him free; and this I then could learn,
A few days hence, my father means to force thee
To wed this chief. He says thou'lt then be happy.

CATHERINE.

For ever wretched rather. Oh! since he
Design'd me miserable, could he not
Have chose some easier, calmer state of woe;
And not have doom'd me to this hell of suff'rings,
Where I must toils for ever! O my heart!
How does it throb with anguish; all the strings,

R

And brittle fibres, are wrench'd from their beds ;
 Death's icy hand were ease, were joy to this.
 Vows made in sight of heav'n shall they be broke !

REYNALDO.

O hush, my sister, be again thyself,
 Hark ! the leaves rustle, some are surely nigh :
 Look there—the boughs unfold—Ha ! 'tis our fire
 Come to upbraid, and chide us for our stay.—
 With him Macdonald.——

CATHERINE.

——O Heav'ns——

[Faints upon the green bank, Reynaldo supporting her.]

M'GREGOR, *running forward.*

What ! where am I ?

My child—my child.

EUPHRESIA, *entering at the opposite side of the scene.*

——Just heav'ns preserve my friend !

[Runs forward, and supports her.]

MACDONALD.

My hopes are fled. [*Aside.*] She faints : my love--
my love.

REYNALDO.

Hold off—hold off! her eyes are clos'd in shades
Of endless night—These—these thy fruits, O blind!
Mole-blinded, fordid avarice. O base!
O barb'rous, cruel fire—Tyrannic Lord,
A tyrant to thyself—a worm to gnaw
The very plant thy tender care hath rear'd.

MACDONALD.

Thou talks too fast, young man ; she is not dead.
Fly nimbly, page, procure assistance here ;
Her soul shan't fly, if gold can bring it back.

REYNALDO.

Accursed gold—of clay, tho' most esteem'd,
Most hurtful—tho' resplendent, most corrupt ;

Tho' courted, vile ; and tho' adored, mean ;
Author of mischief, nurse of grossest crimes :
What hath thy witching look, thy potent arm
Not balefully atchiev'd ; made seas to foam,
Made cities swim, and rivers swell with blood ;
Hath ravag'd kingdoms, and laid nations waste ;
Torn empires from their roots ; and been the cause,
The fatal cause, of all this scene of horror.

M'GREGOR.

Peace, daring railer ! learn what here becomes thee :
I thought thy virtues might have taught thee better.

MACDONALD.

By this we know the depths of his regard ;
Too noisy far ; it surely must be shallow.

REYNALDO.

Words dipt in gall—Insulting—Oh ! to touch
These tender strings, my virtue, and affection ;
Harshly to jar them with unskillful hand :

Then say, they're out of tune. But, ha, she stirs.
Amazement! O ye pow'rs! inspire my breast
With love, with virtue, courage to defend her
From all oppressive pow'r, till heaven thinks meet
To call us hence——

M'GREGOR.

——Ne'er mind the brawling boy.
How fares my child? [No answer.

MACDONALD.

——My lord, we'd best retire.
We but disturb her, soon she shall be well.

M'GREGOR.

I think we had: her frightened fun comes back,
And peeps in blushes thro' the cloudy fabric;
Anon she'll be prepar'd to meet your love;
Come, son, attend us?

REYNALDO.

———No, forgive me, father,
A secret monitor here bids me stay :
I must not, cannot, will not, dare not leave her.

M'GREGOR.

Rebellious boy, no more : this way, my lord.

[*Exit M'GREGOR and MACDONALD.*]

EUPHRESIA.

How fares my Catherine ?

CATHERINE.

———Oh ! 'tis he ! 'tis he !

We meet to part no more, but whence this paleness ?
Ha ! wounds that stream with blood, ah me ! O earth !
Dost thou still bear me, ev'ry thing's inverted.

EUPHRESIA.

Her brain is giddy and disturb'd with visions.

CATHERINE.

Euphresia, Oh !---why art thou here.—But say,
Can this be earth--- then do I live ?---

EUPHRESIA.

———O yes ;

And may you relish many a happy day :
Life springs apparent in each purple vein,
Glow on your cheeks, and brightens all your aspect,
Sits in your lucid eye, and drinks the day
Again into your soul.---

CATHERINE.

———Alas ! to what

Am I reserv'd ! More blots must stain life's page,
Blots daub'd on blanks, must make a worse than
nothing ;

And that is life. But where's that shadow hunter?

REYNALDO.

Withdrawn, my love; he with his haughty
guest,
In deep discourse, now walks the slanting vale;
As you reviv'd they said they would retire
To let you muster up your scatter'd spirits.

CATHERINE.

Retir'd only to return more fierce :
As mountain waves sent from the stormy deep,
Spent on the yielding sand, recoil a little,
Till bolder grown, again they heave their heads,
Enwreath'd in foam, impell'd by the rough rage
Of proud, compelling tempests, blindly driven,
They seek with sterner frown, the wave-drench'd
beach,
And strew with wrecks the loud resounding shore!

REYNALDO.

But, on my life, while here, they never fram'd
A word concerning love.

EUPHRESIA.

——Concerning love!

I know the story—and am deeply touch'd.
These tears bespeak a partner of your woes :
The womb of Time may yet bring forth a cure.
Your Edwin lives, in triumph he returns,
Well meriting the prize, the proffer'd gift,
Made by our king, if he should quell the Danes :
A messenger but now hath brought the news
Of success, and the fleet's arrival ; only
Of him he knew not, but believ'd he stopt,
To view Pomona's isle, his father's once ;
And his, ere long, our gracious king designs it.

CATHERINE.

Heav'n guard the warrior in the depth of danger,
Protect his innocence from every blast,

S

Which Avarice, and Envy belch against him !
Ye guardian angels, on some silver cloud,
Tipt with refulgent gold, descend, descend,
To hover round his solitary steps,
And whisper peace and consolation to him !
Make him your care ! for, O tormenting doubts,
And coward fears distract me !——

EUPHRESIA.

——Why, my friend ?
Cheer up and come away, you need repose,
A providence there is who sits enthron'd
Above this world, he laughs at haughty mortals ;
He sees oppressed innocence with pity,
Yet calmly waits, prepares an awful hoard
Of plagues, and judgments fraught with horrid woe,
Then when the day of His great vengeance comes,
He grasps the flaming bolt, and, like himself,
Hurls it with fury on the daring rebel.
Tho' wicked men awhile may boast their pow'r,
In heav'n there reigns a righteous governor,
Who can restrain, yea, ev'n o'erturn their might
Preserve the innocent, reward th' upright.

End of the second Act.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The river side.**Enter M'GREGOR.*

There's something seated in the human breast
Which men call conscience ; What it is I know not.
Ambition, wealth, and martial fame have been
The only volumes I've perus'd ; and they
Have never taught me of it : But I find
It is some secret, subtle pow'r within,
That rises like the ghost of ev'ry action.
Yet let the tim'rous, melancholy minds
Afflict themselves to please it ; I'll go on
In one incessant round of arduous deeds,
Till vex'd, and wearied, it sink down to silence.
M'Donald seeks my daughter, and to him
I have betroth'd her. Now, should he return
Without the maid, his mighty soul would swell
With hate, and pride indignant----all his clan,
Like to himself, when heated by revenge,
Are cruel, fierce, and crafty. I might soon
Expect them pouring from their mountains, like

A band of hungry tygers. But should he
Enraptur'd lead away his willing prize,
O! how I'd hug myself in wealth and pow'r
That would accrue to Gregor's name for ever.

[*Pausing.*

That boy, whom long I've dandled on the knees
Of warm indulgence, ruin'd hath my child!
But now the pest is gone. The fleet declares
He left them, swell'd with arrogance, to view
The Isle renown'd by such a hero's birth:
But unacquainted with the fighting tides,
His bark whirl'd round, and to their distant view
He sunk, and perish'd in the boiling wave.

Now could I raze his image from her breast,
All would be well. But, ah! I'm thwarted still,
Euphresia, Catherine's favourite, prime in council,
Hates Lord Macdonald, and I know she'll use
Each argument to blast the Chieftain's fame.
I would she were annihilate; for, oh!
A something more incenses me against her;
Her flatt'ry won my spouse to such a height,
That when she died, she left her store of gold,
An annual hundred. Heav'ns! I shall be ruin'd!
If I should kill her, conscience then shou'd rack me.

I must try something. O that it were done!

As he goes off MACDONALD *enters.*

MACDONALD.

So, so—She swoon'd. O the deceit of women!
This well-feign'd illness, surely proves a Rival.
But I have power, and arts, shall gull them all.
This miser's gold, and lands, shall soon be mine;
So shall the frame, if not the mind of Catherine.
But here's the Sire. To him I must dessemble.

Re-enter M'GREGOR.

I've fought you, Sir, with news will glad your ear.
My daughter's well, and shortly hopes to see you.

MACDONALD.

The tale delights me more than breeze or stream
Refresh the weary hunter, faint, and scorch'd
By Noon's too potent blaze; the hopes I have
Of seeing her, the model of perfection.

The sun, and center of my utmost wishes,
Wakes every feeling to a feast of rapture,
And paints a Heaven of happy joys before me.

M'GREGOR.

Then be it so, my lord : I too would wish it.
'Twould make this crazy fabric split with joy,
To see my eve of life so richly glorious.
The sun that lights this frame is far advanc'd,
Is now declining, and must shortly fall ;
'Twould make it smiling meet the cloud of death,
And beam a satisfactory refulgence ;
To think the tender plant, I left behind,
Had such a warm, a noble sun to nourish't.

MACDONALD.

How shall I speak my gratitude ; each word
Were lost in air, and only stain the theme.
Let me be dumb, and in my looks pray read
The title page of what is treasur'd here.
Long, long I've woo'd your Daughter, still a coyness,
A deep-fetch'd sigh—Sometimes a trickling tear

She strove to hide, confirmed my belief,
Of some more happy rival, far before me,
Lodg'd deep in the recesses of her heart.

M'GREGOR.

Ha! there he tries me; but he must not know it.

Aside.

MACDONALD.

Her friend Euphresia told me half my fears.
Oft had she heard her wish, with anxious pray'r,
She were in some wild desert void of all culture,
Where never had been printed foot of man,
By some lone rock, or stream, unknown to song,
Where night owls scream their wild disorder'd
notes,
To waste her days in solitude and sorrow.

M'GREGOR.

Talk not of that, my lord: Her Virgin Blushes,
At sight of you, might rise and stand collected.

Her bashful, timorous youth ; your graver years ;
The recollection of a life that's past,
Where calm, smooth, harmless waves, delightful
roll'd ;

Together with the view you set before her,
Of launching forth, on Wedlock's rougher sea,
Where keener cares, and trials, swell the billows,
Might agitate her mind with fear, with hope,
With love, anxiety, belief, mistrust.
And these all blended, striving each to conquer,
Might, from the general uproar and commotion,
Discharge a sigh, and even force a tear.

MACDONALD.

Well, even supposing all you've said were true,
As nought I doubt but youth has been possess'd
With such emotions ; yes, such feverish passions
Have oft shot forceful through the tender heart.
But then Euphresia—ah ! her words distract me.
In them there's surely something lurking—what !
That paragon, that praise of ev'ry tongue—
To leave society—forsake a Father—
Abandon all her hopes of youthful pleasure,

To the fell gnawing viper of despair!
It is not nothing forces these resolves.

M'GREGOR.

Indeed, my lord, you make me smile: Euphresia;
What! credit her? I really thought you'd known her;
I well remember what an active hand
She play'd against you in Ballerma's case,
What black, im-poison'd arts, what deep deceits,
What hellish malice, and infernal methods
She took to glut her curs'd, malicious pleasure,
And blast your fairest hopes, just in the bloom:
Believe it, sir, I fully am persuaded,
This poor insinuating creature stirr'd
Up all Ballerma's rage—yea, even was at
The very bottom of the whole affair;
And through her means she drank the fatal bowl.

MACDONALD.

O horror!—horror!—What a thought is this!
Ten thousand furies kindle in my breast,
Like hungry vultures!—how they gnaw me here—

T

Each fiercer than another!—all menacing
 A double vengeance on this cursed wretch!
 O! my Ballerma!—fondly did I love thee
 Until that storm o’ertook me—(blast the thought!)
 Fermented as it seems by this base woman.
 But let the years that have already roll’d
 Their weary round, drench’d with my falling tears,
 Suffice to weep her exit. Come then, Rage,
 Assist me with thy darts!—Come, fell Revenge,
 Rise from thy gloomy cavern, and bring forth
 Thy blackest filth!—Thy deep, thy lurking wrath,
 Thy heat of ills—Thy complicated vengeance!
 And, O discharge it on this smiling serpent!

M’GREGOR.

I fear I’ve gone too far—— [Aside.

——Not quite so hot,

My lord: the passions now are up in arms—
 When ungovern’d by reason, how they foam,
 And with tumultuous surges sweep the soul
 Of every calmer virtue—Tho’ I hate her
 For many laudable, important reasons;
 Tho’ for that deed, she, in the eye of justice,

Doth merit your swell'd rage; yet, my good lord,
I would not have the meddling world to say,
My son-in-law so publicly destroy'd her,
A way more private, yea, more safe, must do it.

MACDONALD.

How can you blame my passions—Every heart
That knows the least of feeling, may behold
Me rack'd, and tortur'd, by a triple cord!
The recollection of the fair Ballerma,
The horrid means by which you say I lost her,
And that same cursed means, the opposition
Between your daughter, and my love—all these,
Now struggling, rend my very frame with grief,
With hate, with love, and spreads a dreary waste,
An awful waste of ruin through the soul.

M'GREGOR.

My lord is furious, such a heat may lead him
To deeds of desperation—O that Conscience!

[*Aside.*

What if she now repent her former folly,

And no more meddle with your love affairs?

MACDONALD.

Tho' I am toss'd with wild distracting passions,
Yet let me never perpetrate a crime,
Which my swell'd mind shall think beneath it—No:
If she don't embarrass me, and still try
To frustrate my great hopes, and generous aims,
This sword shall ne'er be stain'd with such vile blood;
But if she does, ye powers! have mercy on 'er!
My rage shall break all bounds, and stain ev'n virtue.

M'GREGOR.

I hope the best. I know your soul disdains
A thought that's mean——

MACDONALD.

——But hear me, Lord M'Gregor;
Now when the angry storms subside a little,
My thoughts suggest to me there is a rival:
I wish I knew him.—

M'GREGOR.

-----All is but fuspicion :

You know that is no proof—And if some swain,
Incapable of love, has caught the heart
Of my poor child, yet sure the name, Macdonald,
Of lord Macdonald, would make him shiver, shrink,
Yea, totter, tumble from his hopes, and perish!
Before yon setting sun three other times
Has run his race diurnal, I shall hope
To see the full fruition of my wishes.
But yonder walks the mistress of your heart,
A tranquil smile diffuses through her face,
There's hope in that; mark what a gaiety
Appears in every gesture: sure she brings,
Her heart, plac'd on her hand, to give it you.
O the joys an old man feels to have
His mind fulfill'd! to see a child's obedience!
To know them happy, and behold them flourish:
My heart anticipates such rare delights,
Makes youth rekindle, makes me quite forget
These hoary locks, and throw my years away.

But see, behind yon tufted grove she turns,
And hither bends her quick'ned step; go meet her,

I'll now retire, my lord, and wish you success.

[Exit M'GREGOR.]

MACDONALD.

Amen, Amen.-----

-----Lie still, my flutt'ring heart—

Away, ye freezing damps, that clog my spirits!

Come, gentle love, in every winning form,

Array me with thy soft resistless charms.

Let eloquence divine flow from my tongue,

Perfume my breath with ev'ry morning sweet,

And let my kisses, fall like dew on roses.

Give me the depth of thy enchanting art,

That I may gain this fair, this haughty dame,

That hath enthrall'd my soul—I must enjoy her.

No rival e'er shall triumph o'er Macdonald.

O cruel jealousy! thrice barbed dart,

How deeply dost thou stab me—galling thought—

Shall I a second time be robb'd of honour,

By unsubstantial phantoms like the first!

No—not a mortal ever shall.—Tho' he

Should be a second Fingal, this bold arm,

Assisted by my faithful friend, this sword,

Would at the hated fight—fly at his heart,
And like the light'ning blast him to confusion—
But soft, she comes—how unprepar'd to meet 'er.

S C E N E.

LORD MACDONALD *meeting* CATHERINE.

MACDONALD.

Your servant, madam—may I stand excus'd,
For interrupting thus your musing walk----

CATHERINE.

O yes, my lord. The man my father makes
His welcome guest, has surely right to rove,
By grove, or stream of his where'er he will.

MACDONALD.

Thy words were ever kind—Your slave for
ever.

CATHERINE.

A slave indeed drags out a wretched life,
A ling'ring mis'ry, not ordain'd by Heaven.
O then let me evade a thought so base!

MACDONALD.

A slavery constrain'd, I own is hard;
But when 'tis voluntary, O how pleasing!

CATHERINE.

Nay, view it as you will, it throws contempt
On the Creator of both slave and master.
I want none, Sir: I thank you for your offer.

MACDONALD.

O then permit me, madam—while I joy
With joy that's inexpressible—to see
You flourish yet again in health, and beauty;
Permit me once, to call myself by that
More soft, more tender, smooth, familiar name;

The name of a sincere, unalter'd Lover.

CATHERINE.

Indeed, my lord, that name is rarely found
In this degenerate world, this mixed state,
Where nothing but vicissitudes await.
'Tis true, it may display some power,
May operate with warm, yet quiv'ring feelings,
But more advanced, grave, discerning age,
Sees through the flutt'ring passion, and can never
Once cherish free, disinterested love.

MACDONALD.

'Tis true the heart of man is often set,
In opposition to the will of Heav'n;
But I have none; you've stole it as it was.
When first I saw you, some resistless power
Flew like a comet through my trembling fabric,
Through my bones, the marrow felt its force,
My blood turn'd feverish, all my frame was shook,
With such an inward earthquake, that I thought
My body would be shiver'd; soon the essence,

U

The very essence of my heart flew to you,
And left a blank behind! filled only up
With an incessant flame of strong desires.
With anxious thoughts, with longing inclinations;
With soft emotions, sometimes young-eye'd Hope
Gleam'd through the gloom of the perplexing maze,
Aided with wonder, mounted to my eyes,
And bade them gaze on you—but soon pale Fear
Ensu'd, and left me quite a stranger to—
The balm of rest.—Then tell me, beauteous maid,
Can all this uproar spring from feigned love?

CATHERINE.

If I might judge a man by what he says,
Or by appearances, then I'd pronounce
You quite a stranger in the school of love;
Your flame you have endeavour'd to paint,
Scarce burns at all, so hemmed in, so choak'd,
With tainted, smoky, dark impure desires.
A true, sincere, disinterested love,
Spreads no such havoc through the soul; its rays
Are of a heav'nly origin, sent forth
In emanations from the glorious Source,

To cheer a darken'd world : Its motions all
Are gentle, and unclouded, working up
The feeling heart to generous deeds of virtue.

MACDONALD.

What shall I say to move thee—Witness, thou
Bright sun, that sinks in yonder ruddy west,
How many times thou'st left me, dark, immers'd,
In all the labyrinth of working love!
Pale night, that soon shall shade yon eastern sky,
Be thou my witness too : oft hast thou seen
Macdonald tossed on his couch, of rest
Deprived for this maid. Be witness, Heav'n!
That knows the thoughts ere they be form'd in
words,
Did e'er that river, murm'ring o'er the sands,
Flow with more constant stream, than did my love,
My scorned love, flow out to haughty Catherine.

CATHERINE.

O woman ! woman ! ah, how frail art thou,
Oft hast thou fallen a victim to the art

Of such irreg'lar speeches unsearch'd out :
Oft, when it was too late, thou to thy cost
Hast found that all their languishing, their sighs,
Their vows, their pray'rs, and oaths, were only like
The painted colours in the watery bow,
Or apples, nodding o'er the lake Asphaltes.
But now, Macdonald, trouble me no more :
My heart is fix'd, unalterably fix'd,
Nor shalt thou ever raze it. Keep thy gold,
Thy boasted power and grandeur ; keep thy heart,
Give it to some more easy fooled maid ;
For I disdain't. On seeing thee at first,
With several other incidents that rush'd
Upon me suddenly—my woman heart
Sunk in me, and I swoon'd away—But now
I am prepar'd for all thy guilful arts.
A secret something rouses me to virtue,
And dares the very face of guilt to hurt me.

MACDONALD.

Ha! what! so confident, so young, so bold!
'Tis wondrous! yet little as thou think'st
I know of love, I see thy cunning here ;

See all the serpent in thee—woman-like
Thou deck'st thyself with such dissembling art,
As passes oft for virtue.—But I see
Through all that painted cloke—I plainly find,
That my suspicions have been firmly grounded:
Some curst, insinuating rival has
Stirr'd all this girlish fury—How I've lov'd
My self away into distraction!—yet,
It seems 'tis all for nothing—But, thou proud,
Triumphing dame, remember now thy duty.
Thy father gives thee to me—spite of all
The world, and of thyself—Then surely thou
Must reverence him.——

CATHERINE.

——I have—and surely will,
As far as Heav'n, and my own conscience bid.
But any farther (mark me) would be guilt:
If I must fall a victim to the rage
Of disappointed avarice, then, O!
Hear me, Thou great Protector! to thy care
I trust this lump of clay. Should I be forc'd
To leave my father's house, tho' I should roam

An unknown fugitive, exil'd from men,
If Thou art with me, I shall still be blest,

MACDONALD.

Talk not of that, my charming fair ! but hear me,

CATHERINE.

I'd talk with murm'ring streams, with sighing gales,
And echoing rocks, to far, far better purpose ;
Than with a mean, insulting wretch like thee ;
I'd see the Deity in all the former,
While in the latter, nothing but the marks
Of rankest guilt.——

MACDONALD.

——Nay, now thou art too rude,
One sweet embrace of love, you call'd so gentle,
Will hush all this—Come then, my witching angel,
[Offers to embrace her.

CATHERINE.

Off—off! thou monster—assist me, heaven!
Else I'm undone——thy vows are binding on me.

MACDONALD, *Staggering backwards.*

Talk'st thou of vows? of tortures rather—Oh!
My heart will burst with rage, my blood inflam'd—
Quick say to whom, else I shall swear 'tis false.

CATHERINE.

What! for thy pleasure kill the man I love!
I might as well set the unthinking lamb
Within the famish'd wolf's fell paw—tho' he
Would frown thy boasted valour to confusion;
Yet sure thy villany would stop at nought,
No latent snare, nor trap, that hell could lay.
Would rob him of his life! No, thou vain boaster,
As soon thy rage shall rend yon lucid sky,
As thou shalt tear his name from my weak breast.
So do thy worst, a Pow'r there is who makes
The hapless wretched his peculiar care. [*Going off.*]

MACDONALD *catching hold of her.*

Nay, since it is so——

CATHERINE.

——Off, infernal fiend !

MACDONALD.

By all my frustrated hopes, thy opposition
Whets every dart of love, stirs up desire,
Adds fresher fuel to the flames—unlike
The love that languishes through easy conquest.
In spite of fate, I'll quaff a sea of pleasure ;
I'll quench my raging fever—tho' I lose
The trifle honour : let it go—my soul
Shall lose itself in extacy of bliss.

CATHERINE.

Help---Gracious Heaven ! preserve me from this
madman !

REYNALDO *rushes in, presenting a spear to MACDO-*
NALD.

Hold !----hold ! inhuman ravisher !----forego

Thy helpless prey---or else this quiv'ring sword
Shall quench its thirst in thy false bosom's blood.

MACDONALD.

Confusion!--Galling mockery! am I brav'd
By such a stripling Boy!-----

CATHERINE.

-----O mercy, Heaven!

Be not so rash, Reynaldo. I conjure thee,
By all my feelings now, to drop thy sword.
If thou persist, the issue must be death,
To one or both—O! let it ne'er be said,
A brother, or ev'n a Villain, dy'd for me.

REYNALDO.

Heav'n calls to me its instrument in this,
To me it justly cries for double vengeance.

X

MACDONALD.

Hold, furious youth!--thou know'st not where
thou stand'st:

Like some weak Gypsie Child, thou brawl'st a-
loud,

As thou could'st conquer men---I've suffer'd much
From thy unpolish'd tongue, thy fruitless scorn,
Thy daring, low bred insolence---But, what!
I'd forfeit honour, to engage with thee;
My blasted fame would tell I slew a child,
Else soon this sword should shiver thee to atoms.

REYNALDO.

Come, no evasions of thy cowardice.
Tho' I be young, and little skill'd in arms,
Yet if thou art a man like what thou sayest,
I dare thee to the trial---Shameless wretch!
Thus to insult, a poor, weak, helpless Woman!
I heard her shrieking, and I came to save
Her from thy fell inhuman grip---No more.
I came in person to protect the rights
Of my dear friend, her love, the faithful Edwin!

MACDONALD.

Ha!—Edwin, say'st thou? Plagues!—perdition!—
racks!—

What!—he? impossible! the orphan Boy!—
Is he my rival, he the cursed cause
Of all my disappointment—all my woes!
Shall he enjoy my Catherine?—Never—never!
'Tis false. Vile slave! thou ly'st.-----

CATHERINE, *to* REYNALDO.

———Oh! torture,---torture!
How could'st thou name him!---Oh he is undone.

REYNALDO.

No: trust in Heav'n, my Sister.---While I have
One drop of blood remaining I'm his friend.

[*To* MACDONALD.]

Yes, traitor! he's thy rival, I thy foe.
One look of him, amid his blaze of virtues,
Would flash intolerable light upon thee:
Would dazzle thee to darkness, sink thee down

To endless night, and everlasting woe,
 With all thy greatness---all thy guilt about thee,
 But he's not here, behold me in his room,
 Tho' far inferior, yet thy opponent:
 I call to mind the stab thou gav'st my heart
 Not long ago---Thou told'st me my regard
 Was shallow to my sister---And thou gav'st
 Me now the lie; a sting sent farther home;
 But this my injured honour; these thy vile
 Opprobrious taunts, inflame me now to vengeance.
 Have at thy life-----

MACDONALD.

-----I shake with hot impatience!
 Here's then to crush thee, miscreant! to a nothing!
 [*They engage.*]

M'GREGOR, *entering.*

What!---What's the matter? whence this hide-
 ous uproar?
 Hold, hold, rash Boy! it is thy fire commands thee,
 Nor dare to stir---lest I my years should shame,

Left I should stain my hoary head with murder.

[They drop their swords.]

TO MACDONALD.

Whence all this wrath, my lord? why do you gnaw
Your quiv'ring lip? why do you look so wildly?

CATHERINE.

On me---on me--- O Father! be the wrong,
I am the cause, sole cause of all this woe:
And had you not in this same crisis come,
A dreadful carnage soon had struck your fight,
Too shocking for humanity---the grass
Had soon been dy'd with hot vermilion gore;
These groves, so long thought sacred, had become
The haunt of frightful spectres, angry shades,
Pale, stern, grim visage ghosts; to sweep along
The doleful gloom: Ah me! the cold sweat breaks!
O wretched Catherine! Fate has carv'd thee out
A life of rugged sorrow---and, I fear,
A sudden, shameful, miserable death.

M'GREGOR.

Hence with thy dark predictions, Child!---away---
 Thou clouds thyself with needless melancholy.
 I'm much mistaken if my lord would stoop,
 To do a deed beneath him, unprovok'd,
 By thy insulting tongue.——

[To REYNALDO.

REYNALDO.

——Mistaken truly.
 Here I shall soon convince——

M'GREGOR.

——Not, not a word.
 Thy face explains thy guilt.——

REYNALDO.

——Is justice then
 Not to be found on earth? Too true I find.
 Where shall it lodge, since in a father's breast

Towards an only son it finds no harbour.
This way, my sister. There's a Greater Judge,
Ere long shall rectify misdeeds below.

CATHERINE.

Could I believe they thus were leagu'd together!

[*Exit REYNALDO and CATHERINE.*]

M'GREGOR.

How am I torn with different pangs! My lord,
Your eyes like meteors glare, they roll, they flash,
As if they'd quit their orbs: What is the cause?

MACDONALD.

That Boy—that Boy—that curs'd, that meddling Boy,
Your daughter's obstinacy to my love,
These the provoking cause, these leagu'd in-one,
Blew at both sides, the fire of rage, till up;
In spite of reason, burst the flame, and held
My honour, virtue, all myself a prey.

M'GREGOR.

Indeed, my lord, I'm forc'd to say you're rash.
Reynaldo must be tam'd. But be assur'd
Euphresia stirs the heat; oft has she urg'd
My daughter's scorn, by tales I swore were false.

MACDONALD.

O vengeance! vengeance!——

M'GREGOR.

——Hush! here comes a man,
He seems in haste.-----

Enter BRYNA.

BRYNA to M'GREGOR.

-----My lord, a messenger,
Just from the king, demands your private ear.

M'GREGOR.

What! from the king?-----

BRYNA.

-----He is, my lord.—

M'GREGOR.

-----'Tis strange!

Well, go inform him, I shall soon attend,
With dutious joy to hear my sov'reign's will.

[Exit BRYNA.]

What may this mean? I must away to know it.
Now, my good lord, the ev'ning air is chill;
Moist with the falling dews it bids you rest.
Let exil'd reason to her throne return,
To dissipate the fullen shades that cloud,
And press your drooping soul. The power of sleep
Will calm the turbulence of passions in you,
Diffuse a tranquil sweetness through your
mind;
Like waking morn, you shall arise refin'd,

Lull'd, charm'd, inspir'd with sweets where'er
you rove,

You'll be prepar'd with every art of love;

[*Exit.*

End of the third Act.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Garden belonging to LORD M'GREGOR'S house.*

Enter CATHERINE.

The blushing morn is soon arriv'd; 'tis but
A few blank dreams, and gloomy night's no more:
Hail, lovely dawn! hail, to thy train of sweets!
From yon far distant, eastern verge thou gleam'st;
Soft breaking farther on the purple air!
A milky float the starry plains all o'er,
Whose silver orbs have quite forgot to glow,
Now, rivall'd by the approaching Lord of light,
Ye walks, impearl'd with lucid globes of dew;
Ye flow'ry lawns, that to the gentle gale
Afford perfumes; ye wild furrounding woods,
Made vocal by your warbling tenants, hail!
Give me what you afford to all around,

One cheering smile to my benighted soul !
Such awful dreams I've had, that scarce your power,
Or sweetness, can efface them. O my Edwin !

Enter EUPHRESIA.

Euphresia ! why so early from thy couch ?
Thou seem'st disorder'd ? Has thy rest been good ?

EUPHRESIA.

Yes, madam, I have slept, but I've had dreams.

CATHERINE.

What dreams ? Euphresia, tell me. I have dream'd,
Perhaps they may be one, or near related.

EUPHRESIA.

Methought upon a flow'ry bank we sat,
Wreathing fresh garlands, talking of your Edwin.
The western breezes, rustling through the leaves,
The streams, cascades, the melody of birds,

Together with our ardent sweet discourse,
Made us quite deaf to the fell hissing serpent,
Which lay conceal'd behind me in a bush
Of fairest roses; loos'ning from its folds,
Upsprung the reptile curs'd! I chanc'd to stoop,
It miss'd me: but on your fair snowy breast
Fix'd its envenomed sting. You shrieking fell.
I saw it lash your bosom with its tail.
The clammy poison, streaming from the wound,
Sudden a radiant, godlike form appear'd;
In one united blaze of glories clad.
'Twas Edwin's; who with more than mortal pow'r
You from destruction sav'd, and crush'd the viper.
My fancy, strain'd and agitated thus,
Awoke me, where, with trembling dread, I lay
Till in the east the purple morn appear'd,
Then rose to shake the image from my mind,
By tasting the fresh vernal air, and now
You do behold me here.-----

CATHERINE.

-----All-knowing pow'r!
Who only sees and rules the varied ways

Of dark unerring fate, to thee I leave
The whole event, for now a gleam of hope
Strikes from afar athwart the trackless gloom,
And lifts my sinking soul to trust in thee.

EUPHRESIA.

There, there alone th' afflicted find repose.
There Innocence, tost in the storms of life,
May fix her anchor, and have nought to fear.
But sure you said you dream'd !-----

CATHERINE.

-----I did, my friend,
And shall reveal it to no ear but thine.
Toward the morning I believe it was,
Imagination rear'd her sluggish head ;
Leap'd up, emerging from the dark profound,
And led me to the lonely Northern cliff,
That hangs, projecting o'er the angry surge,
Its stubborn sides beat with the billow foam,
I sat me down upon the craggy beach,
To ruminate my hard, unkindly fate.

Oft, oft I cast an anxious, longing look
O'er the broad ocean for my lovely Edwin,
And soon methought his bark appear'd, drove on
By the careering winds, and furious tide,
With such velocity, that soon, I thought,
It would be shiver'd 'gainst the rock I sat on.
'Tween fear and hope my flutt'ring heart was tofs'd
As fast as he: But soon his shattered sail
Swift run beneath the cliff, and ere I could
Pronounce his name, a secret hand behind,
Quick push'd me headlong o'er the precipice;
When he whom then I thought beneath the wave,
Spread wide his arms, and shielded me from danger,
But cruel sleep forsook me in that hour,
When well I could have wish'd its power for ever.

EUPHRESIA.

I think it nearly does resemble mine.
But, ah! 'tis dark shrouded in mystic gloom.
O how I'm chill'd with fear! some latent foe,
Amid the thick condensing darkness lies,
Waiting the time to tear his helpless prey,
Tho' sure they both portend a happy issue,

A quick, and final end of all our fears.
Have you not shortly heard from him you love,
For whom you live, in whom your life is treasur'd,
For whom you stand the howling blasts of grief,
For whom you brave a stormy sea of sorrow?
I wonder at his stay : how could he do it ?

CATHERINE.

O touch not harshly his beloved name !
I know he loves me as he loves his soul.
In sympathy to me, he pains himself
With the acute, tormenting pangs of absence ;
Thinking our meeting joys shall pay for all :
Conscious of my stern father's frowns he waits.
O how the dear idea warms my breast !
By some rough rock, or poplar pale he leans,
Revolving many a tender thought of love ;
Waiting, I say, my answer to his letter,
Which I last evening did with joy receive.

EUPHRESIA.

A letter, say you ! O transporting news !

I feel your woes, I relish too your pleasures,
Deign, noble friend! to tell me the particulars.

CATHERINE.

To thee, Euphresia, I'll unboform all,
My friend, my counsellor! to thee I have
Entrusted much, nor ever found thee false.

[Feels for the letter.]

EUPHRESIA.

Nor never shall. Even racks and tort'ring wheels
Shall ne'er be able to extort it from me.

CATHERINE.

O foul mischance! I have it not—

EUPHRESIA.

.....Ha! lost?

Z

CATHERINE.

It must be in my chamber! Stay, Euphresia.

[*Runs off in haste.*]

EUPHRESIA *alone.*

When I'm distress'd, what then must Catherine
feel?

O adverse fate! when wilt thou cease to chase
Unhappy mortals! O delusive Pleasure!
In gaudy painted robes, thou flutter'ft near,
But when we grasp thee, we have less than nothing!
Like the wan, wint'ry sun, 'mong driving clouds,
Thou gleam'ft a moment, but like him foretels
The rattling storms approaching—If this letter
Be in Macdonald's hands, then, gracious Heav'n!
Preserve from harm the poor devoted youth.

Re-enter CATHERINE.

'Tis gone! 'tis gone! O thoughtless, worthless
Catharine;
Unworthy of a valiant Hero's love!

EDWIN AND CATHERINE.

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What hast thou done to him, the flower of youths,
The glory of an host! the choice of men!
The brave, the gallant, generous, noble Edwin!
Given up his life: he is, he is betray'd!

EUPHRESIA.

Madam, I guess your fears: The chief has found it.
Say, am I right?—

CATHERINE.

—As yet I have not learn'd,
But I believe it so. O much I fear
The tyger has him now. Away, my friend,
Swift as the arrow from the wieldy bow,
To yon thick fatal grove, where I last night
Had near been robb'd of honour, and a Brother.

EUPHRESIA.

O what is this!.....

CATHERINE.

-----The time admits not. Fly!
 Search every copse. I think I dropt it there.
 If you don't find it, I'm compleatly wretched!
 A flinty hearted fire commands my presence.
 I must away.-----

EUPHRESIA.

-----Trust me, I'll die to serve you.

[Exit severally.]

SCENE, *A Grove.*MACDONALD *alone.*

How I'm tormented: Love, hate, anguish,
 wrath,
 Prey on my soul, as they would tear 't to pieces.
 No rest I've had. Even rosy-colour'd Morn,
 That lavishes abroad her balmy sweets,
 Rolls only stronger floods of poison on me.
 I'm scorn'd, I'm rivall'd, spurn'd, and disappointed!

My heart's a stranger to the calm of virtue.
Come then, infernal furies, fill my breast!
Clad in blew sulphur, vomit streams of fire,
To strike the man who shall oppose Macdonald.
I must, I shall enjoy this maid; if not,
I'll feast myself with the rough joys of vengeance!
Could I but know the den of this fond rival,
I'd frown him to destruction.—What! a letter!
What can it be? To Catherine—Thank my stars;
Perhaps from Edwin. Come, I soon shall see.

[Breaks open the letter.]

The same presumptuous varlet—Now I have thee—
“Pomona's Isle—the lonely Hermit's hut.”
That place indeed well suits a sculking thief.

[Reads again.]

Such cursed stuff—What! this?—To force her
from me,

My lawful spouse! my dear betrothed bride!
Boast not so fast of power; for tho' thou should'st
Be Lord of great Pomona's Isle: Nay more,
Tho' now thou wert Sov'reign of the massy globe,
Thy throne amid the stars, I'd tear thee down,
And dash the sparkling gems, and thee to rubbish.

[Reads again.]

“ But three days hence ”—Boaster, I’ll read no more:
So thy proud heart shall be in pieces torn.

[*Tears the letter.*

[*Walking about in a disordered manner.*

Who’s yon that comes so fast? Euphresia surely.
Let me now end that life which tortures mine.

[*Looks about.*

But here’s Reynaldo! Curse my frowning stars!
Beneath this leafy copse I’ll lie conceal’d
To hear what passes.-----

Enter REYNALDO, and EUPHRESIA meeting.

REYNALDO.

-----Why this haste, my love?

EUPHRESIA.

The letter! O the letter! sent from Edwin,
Catherine has dropt it. Mercy, Heaven! What!
this?

So torn in pieces!-----

[*Takes up one of the pieces.*

——— Ah! 'tis Edwin's name.

Our fears were just: Macdonald has been here.
Poor youth, thy life's at stake! we all are ruin'd!

REYNALDO.

The wretch has not been seen by me to-day,
But while this arm can wield a trusty blade,
My sister ne'er shall come beneath his roof.
A higher power shall still take care of Edwin.

EUPHRESIA.

My strength is small, but women have their arts.
Believe me, not a scheme shall be untry'd
To frustrate this vile monster's black design.
I never loved him, but now hate him more
Than all the race of men. Forgive me, Heaven!
Last eve this grove beheld a dismal scene,
He the sole cause of all: But say how was it?

REYNALDO.

Of that hereafter: that would shock thine ear

To hear it now ! I have a softer tale.
Pardon my fondness, O forgive my love !
At sight of thee it breaks the gloom of woe,
Drives back the clouds, and glows with lucid brightness !

All Nature, smiling round, invites to love.
May we, in sweet discourse, not spend one hour ;
Renew the tender flame within thy breast,
And fix the day, the glorious, wish'd-for day,
When poor Reynaldo shall be fully happy ?

EUPHRESIA.

Thou know'st my heart : but, O how can'st thou
urge
A thought of love, when love is suff'ring round us !
And should thy fire once know, his rage would rise,
And to the savage world drive out Euphresia,
An outcast, helpless, poor, unpitied orphan.

REYNALDO.

My fire's domain, so fair, and vastly wide,
Got half its glory by his spouse that bore me,

A plentiful estate as mine I claim.
She with her dying breath bequeath'd it to me.
So let a father murmur, frown, and rage,
Be thou but mine, and from his power dread nothing.

EURHRESIA.

Soon as the ev'ning mantles o'er the sky,
In this same bower I'll meet thee! Now I must
Away to soothe my friend, thy sister's grief.

REYNALDO.

My heart exults with joy! thy kindness arms
Me with new strength, shall brave a world of terrors:
Lead on, let me assist thy generous purpose,
To raise a sinking maid, and save a lover.

[Exit REYNALDO and EUPHRESIA.]

MACDONALD, *rising and coming forward.*

With what philosophy I've mann'd myself!

A a

They say I'm furious : But let Heav'n point out,
Beneath her azure cope, a fingle man,
Who could have heard } what I have, and been
 silent.

But now I know it all. Unthinking creatures !
Tho' you, your schemes, your arts, and pow'r be
 plac'd

As barriers in my way, they only are
As slender cobwebs to the great Macdonald.
His fingle nod fhall to earth's centre fink them.
Some hungry, grim, voracious demon, fhall'd
In blackeft arts, arife, bring to my brain
Your beft inventions, red with flaming terror !
This night ! this coming night ! fuch fcenes fhall fee
As fhall make Nature fhudder, ftop her courfe,
The ftars grow pale and ftare at one another !
Let me not lofe a moment. First, the rival
Shall feel my pow'r.—

[Exit.]

SCENE, *The hall.*M'GREGOR *alone.*

———What shall I make of this?

How am I troubled with conflicting passions?
Is Edwin grown the Lord of great Pomona?
It seems 'tis true, our king designs't. Alas!
How was I blinded, to betrothe my child
To one she did not love, while here's a match,
Of her own chusing, that now seems superior!
But, oh! 'tis past; 'tis over; seal'd and done;
How weak is human foresight! I in heat
Have swore by the great Ruler of the sky,
That to his lofty towers, the chief shall bear her.

[*pausing.*

Come, since it is so, I can soar above it:
Ambition sees fresh glories rise. This king,
This stripling king of ours, I do not like him.
My lord and I are head of different clans;
These, join'd in one, shall force him from his
throne,

And to myself restore a glorious crown,
That once encircled the majestic heads
Of my forefathers. How the thought delights me!
The generous man has often said he'd help me
To gain my right, if I'd but give him Catherine.
Well he shall have 'er. O! could I but live
To see myself thus rais'd, then I'd die happy!
The world could say M'Gregor was a King.
But here he comes——

Enter MACDONALD.

——Good-morrow to your lordship.
You look more gay than when I saw you last.
Have your from Catherine stole a balmy kiss?
Has she, like wax before the fire, dissolv'd
Within your soft embrace this morning?—

MACDONALD.

——Ah!
Were't so, then I would be bless'd! but sure you
know
It is quite contrary; how can you jeer me.

M'GREGOR.

I never meant it. Sure my daughter loves you ;
She only wants to try her maiden power.
I've heard her chide Euphresia, yea her brother,
For speaking lightly of you, and declare
You were a man, free, generous, and deserving.

MACDONALD.

My worthy lord, I've wno got much to tell you ;
Important subjects, that concern your welfare ;
They'll raise your wonder, and perhaps your wrath.

M'GREGOR.

I want your counsel and assistance too,
In an affair of as great weight and moment.
We'll leave my Daughter to her meditation,
To think on what I've told her ; and, as soon
As time permits, we shall resume the subject.

[*Exeunt.*]

The S C E N E changes to a Cliff on the Shore of Pomona, discovering Edwin seated upon it, who Sings

Ye powers, who o'er these waves preside,
Affuage their dismal roar,
And poor bewilder'd Edwin guide
Safe to the wish'd-for shore :
Fatigu'd with danger, toils unkind,
That flock in war's alarms,
There let me sweet composure find
In Catherine's snowy arms.

I know she sits, with anxious care,
And wishing waits for me :
Then, O kind heav'n ! smile on the fair,
And let her happy be :
Ye tempests, hush ; ye seas, be calm,
My terrors to remove,
Ye breezes, breathe your sweetest balm,
To waft me to my love.

The haughty foe I've quell'd ; but yet
To me what is renown ?
I want my Catherine to complete,
And all life's blessings crown.

Give misers gold, to fools give fame,
To monarchs worlds in store ;
Give me the lovely, virtuous dame,
And I desire no more.

[Rises and speaks.]

Rich is the music that refines the soul ;
That elevates the mind, and warms the heart
With the sweet feelings of true love, and virtue !
Ye gentle spirits, that hover round the just,
That guide their wand'ring steps across the waste
Of a dark, howling, thorny, rugged world,
Deign to direct my youthful, erring heart !
Let it not murmur at the ways of fate,
Nor be impatient at my present lot !
While absent from my dearest love I roam
Along these dreary shores, may I not want
The pure, unblemish'd joys, that solitude
Bestows profusely on the thinking heart !

Yon tow'rs that now in mould'ring heaps, lie pil'd
A mass of ruin, once contain'd my brave,
My virtuous, heav'nly-minded fire ; who oft,
As I've been told, (for, oh ! I never saw him !)
Retir'd to this sequester'd, wave-worn cliff,

And held delightful intercourse with heav'n.
Methinks I see the sage's bosom swell,
Fir'd into ardour by the humming sound
Of quivering leaves, join'd by the dismal dash
Of these rough, roaring waves that gushing fall,
With keen velocity among the rocks,
Making that ravag'd wood re-echo far:
In the rapidity of contemplation,
I think I see his mounting soul arise,
On Hope's bright pinions, fledg'd with every virtue,
Above this grovelling world, with all its gross,
Vile, sublunary objects, to yon heights
Of purest azure, where the happy dwell.

O could I imitate the steps he trode,
I'd walk this vale of woe with ease, and smile
At the drawn dagger of devouring death!

O Catherine! Catherine! were I blest with thee,
Thy beaming virtues too would kindle mine;
Keep them awake, and active, 'mid the croud
Of gay Prosperity's delusive charms,
Or in the storms of dark Adversity,
When almost faint, one spark of thine would rouse
Them to light, liberty, and heav'nly boldness!
Through life's wild maze we'd lean on one another,

Like wedded myrtles, 'mid the joyless waste.
But ah! that's doubtful! True, thy father said,
Thou should'st be mine if I return'd a victor;
But then such angry frowns did knit his brows,
I lik'd them not, tho' then I held my tongue.
I long to know how things are order'd now.
Catherine, by this time I did hope to hear
The breathings of thy heart upon the subject.
But oh! perhaps—Hush! here's the holy sage!
To him I'll open all, and beg his counsel.

HERMIT *advancing from his Cave.*

Hail, gentle youth! thou seem'st oppress'd with
care;
Some melancholy broods upon thy mind;
I've mark'd thy gestures; seen thee lift thine eyes
To heaven, then bend them o'er the raging deep,
Then fix them on the ground. Tell me, fair youth,
What are thy troubles? I myself to woe
Have been no stranger. My experienc'd age
May give thee some advice; perhaps some ease.

B b

EDWIN.

Yes, rev'rend hermit ! thou hast judg'd aright,
I have my sorrows, this thou soon shalt know :
But first be pleas'd to tell, what brought thee here ?
What mighty ill has made thee leave the world,
And take up thy abode in this drear cavern ?

HERMIT.

Alas, my son ! the thought renews my grief.
To mortal ear my tale has ne'er been told ;
But as I have not long to live ; as thou
May'st reap advantage by it, I'll be plain.
A working in my breast doth urge me to it.
Forgive, if while I speak my words be chok'd
With deep-fetch'd sighs, or drown'd in floods of
tears.

EDWIN.

Yes, venerable man : my own shall join them.

HERMIT.

This spacious Island, once, from shore to shore,
Acknowledg'd the its lord. Yon ruin'd towers,
Which thou see'st nodding o'er yon distant stream,
Once my fair mansion was.—In them I flourish'd,
Bless'd with a virtuous spouse, and one dear son!
The boy, soon burning for the battle, left me,
And went I knew not where. Then Malcolm did,
With his extortions, cruel and notorious,
Oppress a loyal people. I was forc'd
To leave this Isle, then forfeited, and roam
A nameless stranger in a foreign land!

But why, in lenity to my pain'd heart,
Do I pass o'er my woes? Before I left
This Isle, my arms receiv'd a helpless pair,
A Girl and Boy: the Earth's cold bed their Mother.

I left the infant orphans to the care,
And kind protection of a Scottish chief,
But frowning fortune sent me notice soon,
That with the boat they perish'd in the passage,

EDWIN.

Myſterious Heav'n! what ſtrange event is this.
[*Aſide.*]

HERMIT.

Unhappy fire! On Erin's fartheſt ſhore
I liv'd, and fortune ſmil'd again upon me.
Content I'd been, had the invading crew,
Which vex'd that country then, not found me out;
And kept me ſtill in fear. One day a band
Of theſe rude foes ruſh'd ſuddenly upon me,
And ſoon had ſack'd my little home, had not
Th' approaching warriors, from the neighbouring
plain,
Frighted them off—How ſhall I tell the reſt?

EDWIN.

Go on, gon; my flutt'ring heart leaps in me.

HERMIT.

As wrapt in thought I sat below a pine,
The rising moon pale-glimm'ring through the
trees,

Discover'd to my view a lusty foe,
Chief of the ruffian band his habit mark'd 'im.
With hasty step he fought my door. I thought
Then was the time to free the helpless hinds,
And me, from such a base infamous robber,
Who then design'd to plunder my abode.

I rose, I flew, inflam'd with rage, and stabb'd 'im.

But, ah! he was my son! my dear first-born!
Who with his dying breath declar'd that he,
Amongst the other warriors vanquish'd all
The ravagers, himself had slain their chief;
And as a trophy bore his arms, and garb
Unto the camp. But having heard of me,
He judg'd, believ'd, I was his sire, and came
To pay his duty, and to crave my blessing.

But heav'n deny'd it! what pangs I felt:
I wish'd for death; but yet thou seest I live.
Quite weary of the world, I sought this cave;
Well known to me before; and here I've liv'd,

Unknown to any, all believ'd me dead.
To the tumultuous surges of the main
I've oft complain'd ; compar'd with them my fate ;
Such floods of grief have overwhelm'd my head,
And dash'd me down, no more with joy to rise.
Sighs, tears, and solitude, with every woe,
That sour the life of man, imbitter mine.
While I can draw one breath, I here will mourn,
And with compunction wring my tortur'd soul.

EDWIN.

Thou wond'rous man ! was ever tale like this !
My heart with agitation throbs, and leaps,
Anxious to know thy childrens names and thine ;
Forgive my importunity.—

HERMIT.

———For me,
I'm now a nameless wretch ! Amasa was
The lovely youth I flew ! Euphresia, Edwin,
Are the sweet babes now craddl'd in the deep.

EDWIN.

No : let thine aged eyes be now convinc'd
That they both live ! my Father ! O my Father !

HERMIT.

Just heav'n ! where am I ? it is all a dream !
Sure none by this endearing name can call me ?

EDWIN.

Yes ; recognize me ! I'm that shipwreck'd infant ;
Euphresia's brother, your transported Edwin.

HERMIT.

My son ! my son ! thy arm. Support me—Oh !

EDWIN.

O'erpower'd by extacy, how frail is man !

HERMIT.

The joy breaks in with such a torrent on me,
As quite o'ercomes my heart. This crazy vessel,
So long unus'd, will split, and fall in pieces.
Here let me press thee to my ardent breast!
Fruit of my loins, my new-born son! my Edwin!
Like the mild star of eve, thou com'st to light
My tott'ring footsteps to the house of silence!
Now I could close my weary eyes in peace.

EDWIN.

Do I for the first time behold a parent,
Whom long I've mourn'd, in every silent grove?
I do! I do! O exquisite delight!
What soft, what sweet effusions do I find
Stream thro' my bounding heart! What rapt'rous
joy
Now fills my soul, like a deep inundation!
That head now cover'd with becoming snow,
Which many a blast has brav'd, so fraught with
knowledge;

That heart, which long has sigh'd ; so stor'd with
wisdom,

Shall sow in my young breast the seeds of virtue,
Shall guide my pliant heart, from all the storms ;
And turbulence of passions : Make the pow'rs,
The noble inclinations of the soul,
Bring forth the genuine fruits of piety,
And point my way to happiness, and Heav'n.

HERMIT.

And do I live to see a blooming son,
Whose dust I thought was scatter'd through the
globe?

I do! I do! O happy, happy hour!

This pays me all! Thy frame now grown to man-
hood,

Shall be the staff of my declining years,
The kind support of my enfeebl'd age,
The comfort of my latest breath ; and when
Pale death shall seal my senses, thou, my son,
Shalt lay me gently in the grave I've digg'd,
And o'er my breathless dust let fall a tear.

But say, where is thy sister? shall I not

Behold her too, and be compleatly happy ?

EDWIN.

Your friend, our second Father, Lord M'Gregor,
Has nurs'd us both, and still protects Euphresia.

HERMIT.

Kind Heav'n be prais'd the man with whom I
left you,
The brave companion of my younger years,
With whom in war's discipline I was train'd,
To bear the trusty bow, and laden quiver,
The polish'd lance, and lunar looking shield ;
Our hearts then beating high for martial glory—
(Oft, side by side, we've hew'd ourselves a passage
Through close wedg'd ranks, an host of savage foes)
And has he done all this ! has he rever'd
My memory so much ? I'm satisfy'd.
This kind humanity, this rich example
Of true beneficence, th' Almighty sees,
And shall reward abundantly hereafter.
But does his spouse, my cousin, live ?—

EDWIN.

———She lives,
And flourisheth in happier Regions, far
Above the vexing cares of mortal life.

HERMIT.

'Tis Heav'n's high will, how glorious is death!
How sweet, how lovely the Despotie King,
To one who lives, and dies inrob'd in virtue!

Now, Edwin, I've one question only: tell
Thy aged father what has brought thee here,
So pensively to roam on this wild beach?

EDWIN.

The story of my life, since I remember,
I'll count my duty to relate unto you,
At ev'ning in your cave: at present this,
Forgive my youth, I deeply am in love.
Catherine, M'Gregor's daughter, is the object.

HERMIT.

Ha! deep in love! I fear as-deep in ruin.

Edwin.

Our hearts were join'd before we saw the world,
Her age was mine. In early infancy
We smil'd, we leap'd, were pleas'd with one a-
nother.

In childhood we did lisp, did prattle, talk,
And ignorantly nurs'd a growing flame.
As we advanc'd in years we grew in love,
Long to her fire unknown. Often we met
By lonely streams, in glens and shady bow'rs;
Till on a mild but luckless ev'ning, when
Beneath the stately spreading oak we sat,
And poured out our souls to one another
In ardent love and innocent discourse,
He overheard it all: his fury rose,
We heard him stamp the ground, and through the
pines
Go mutt'ring wildly off.—I heard his wrath
'Gainst me was not appeas'd. One day he call'd me,

And through the gloom, he could not hide, declar'd
He'd give me public honours, send me out
Head of the fleet; chose to oppose the Danes :
Adding, that if I could myself distinguish,
By noble feats of arms, and quell the foe,
I had a title to my father's lands,
And should, at my return, receive his daughter.
To Catherine I communicated all.
But, O what anguish tore her bleeding heart !
She sigh'd, she wept, my tears profusely flow'd,
And swell'd the briny stream. I speechless stood,
And many a knawing, killing pang I felt ;
Thought parting was a thousand, thousand deaths !
But promising a quick return, I sooth'd
With many a kindly word the sinking fair :
Beneath the aforefaid oak again we vow'd,
This ring the pledge. Then to Reynaldo's care,
Her brother, my unalter'd friend, I left her,
And sail'd against the foe. The God of war
Propitiously smil'd on us, and we conquer'd.
But yesterday the fleet return'd in triumph.
To the lone maid I with a chosen friend
Sent privately a letter ; to this isle
I steer'd my course ; and here design'd to stay

Till I receiv'd her satisfying answer.

HERMIT.

What shall I think, or say, or how direct thee.
My friend but justly disapprov'd thy love.
Thou wast an orphan. Thou should'st have confin'd
Thy views, and aims as such. But Providence
Seems now to smile upon thee, and to raise
Thy fortune to thy birth. Return Him thanks,
And be not over anxious, too ambitious,
Nor swell'd with arrogance; 'tis Virtue only
That constitutes the hero, and the man.

EDWIN.

I shall endeavour, while I live on earth,
Your life, and words, shall still be present with me.

HERMIT.

When death has laid me low beneath a turf,
And thou in affluence sitt'st in yon high tow'rs,
At early dawn, and falling eve, O come,

Survey my cave, and tomb; then cast a look
Back o'er the sev'ral stages of my life,
And it will learn thee to despise the world.
But now, while I beneath yon western cliff
Do wander forth, go thou unto the cave,
There, hanging on the wall, thou'lt find my sword,
Stain'd with thy brother's blood! daily I've bath'd
It with my tears. To thee I now bequeath it;
'Tis all the portion I have left to give thee;
But it is more than gold; its glance will teach
Thee patience, courage, and humility.

[*Exit severally.*]

SCENE, *The other side of the Cliff.*

HERMIT *solus.*

Here, on this well known rock I'll sit me down,
And ponder o'er the strange events of fate.

And has my son, my long lost boy, achiev'd
Such glorious deeds? on Fame's triumphant car,
My line I thought extinct, shall yet arise,
And blaze the dreaded glory of the North!
That arm, how nerveless now! which once assail'd

United forces. Oft, at early dawn,
 On yon grove-spotted, winding vale, I've rous'd
 The branchy headed stag, and chac'd as oft,
 With youthful vigour, the fierce mountain boar.

But now, by Misery's unrelenting hand,
 I'm brought to seek a silent grave to hide me.
 That mountain, dark with woods, and thick with
 rocks,

Replenish'd with the shades of Albion's sons,
 Untimely slain, calls mine to join the throng.
 Replete with wounds, I've seen the spirits stalk,
 Have heard them howl in every lonely cave,
 And tell each other, with an awful grin,
 That soon the ghost of him who slew his son,
 Should join the concert of their dismal yells.

My crime is great! a huge enormous load!
 But, O! is there not mercy smiling down
 On deep contrition, and beholding mine?

[*Pausing.*

O Edwin! O my son! thou tarry'st long;
 What can detain thee?—Ha! what noise is that,

[*A noise behind the scene.*

Which rends mine ear, and strikes my sinking heart?

[*A cry heard distinctly.*

Another cry—'Tis Death! Assassination!
Father of life! protect my child—my Edwin!

EDWIN *behind the scenes.*

So perish every such perfidious traitor.

HERMIT *rising.*

What do I hear! O Heav'ns! whose voice is this!

EDWIN *entering.*

'Tis Edwin's! who, without this trusty blade,
Had never, never more pronounc'd thee father.

HERMIT.

Ease my distracted heart, and tell, O tell
What dire alarm o'ertook thee!—

EDWIN.

——— Ah! my fire!

D d

The azure sky of ev'ry prospect lowers
With dark tremendous clouds, furcharg'd with
 storms ;
With magazines of tempests long fermented ;
And now they do begin to burst, and fall
In awful torrents on my helpless head.

HERMIT.

What means my son—Ha, thou art wounded!—

EDWIN.

—————No,
'Tis but a small, slight scratch, that cannot hurt me.
One peal of thunder's past, one horrid sheet
Of triple forked light'ning now has broke
On me with only fingeing that a little.
But, ah! alas! my love! my life! my Catherine!
What must she undergo, when close confin'd
Within the forge where all these bolts are kin-
 dling?

HERMIT.

Be more explicit, I conjure thee, Edwin.

EDWIN.

As I returning cross'd your threshold, quick
As famish'd lions leap upon their prey,
Three ruffian villains, from behind the rock,
Armed with gleaming blades, rush'd in upon me :
But where there's guilt, there never can be courage.
Your sword was in my hand, I proved its pow'r,
And quickly laid their haughty leader low.
The other two both wounded, yelling fled,
The wretch that quiv'ring welter'd in his gore,
With faltering tongue reveal'd the whole unto me,
A story black as e'er disgrac'd the lip
Of human creature, this the purport of it :
By Lord Macdonald brib'd, they sought my life,
Who in my absence had usurp'd my right,
Seduc'd M'Gregor to give up his daughter,
To him the worst of men ; tho' Catherine still
Abhors him with the utmost detestation.
Yet, spite of all her tears, th' unfeeling monster,

To-morrow's dawn designs to bear her off:
But shall not, while one vital breath I draw.

HERMIT.

Stupendous horror! these th' effects of love,
O love! thou tender, but delusive word!
Deceitful mistress! when we fondly doat,
Thou dost a sweet, yet killing draught prepare,
And lulls us to perdition in thy arms.
Thou now, my son, art fallen into the snare,
Art meanly, basely, miserably ruin'd.
Have I then liv'd to this! only to see
My long lost son, that I might die more wretched?
O vain, vain world! vile life, of thee I'm sick!
O death! when wilt thou ease me of the burden?

EDWIN.

O father! talk not so, these words do pierce
My heart more deep than twice ten thousand arrows.

HERMIT.

What shall I say ? I'll bid thee give up love,
And rouse a nobler flame within thy breast :
Such an effeminacy, sinks the man,
Beclouds the warrior, and shames the hero.
Think on thy ancestors, and raise thy soul
Assiduously to seek their godlike virtues.

EDWIN.

Your counsels I shall ever hold divine,
But who can reason down the raving deep
When whirl'd by warring winds ? The same is love :
When thou hast done the former, then thou may'st
Attempt the latter. O my aching heart !
Shall I abandon Catherine ! Shall I tamely
Sit still, and know her forc'd, yea dragg'd away,
Contrary to her vow : the which I know
She'd die a thousand deaths before she'd break !
No : by the ruddied drop that warms my breast,
By love, that keeps that drop alive, I've sworn
That I'll preserve the fair, or bravely perish.
These ancestors you talk of, were they never

The subjects of the tender pow'r of love?

HERMIT.

Yes, I have lov'd; I know its pow'r: but, O!
How canst thou leave me! I'm thy aged fire,
Thy wretched, dying fire. But a few days,
Perhaps a few short hours, and thou shalt do
The last official service to me! Ah,
Shall I behold that blooming face no more?
These waving yellow locks! soon, soon shall they
Be crimson'd o'er with blood! Like the young oak
That rose, and flourish'd on the mountain's brow,
And promis'd soon to be the king of woods,
When fiercely shatter'd, by the light'ning's flash,
So shalt thou fall unmourn'd.—My bosom bleeds
A stream that chills, and freezes as it runs!
My bowels yearn, my soul is torn with anguish!

EDWIN.

O jealousy! O love! O binding Nature!
I shall run mad: my Father! O my father!

[Kneels and embraces him.]

Here let me kneel! here let me clasp thy knees!
Here let me die! and be for ever happy.

HERMIT.

In vain do we embrace! arise, my son—
Farewell! farewell for ever!

EDWIN.

———O distraction!
O cutting! killing! harsh! tormenting sound!

Enter RUFUS.

RUFUS.

I fear I am too bold.——

HERMIT.

———No, modest youth,
From whence com'st thou so fast? what, are thy
tidings?

EDWIN.

'Tis Rufus! Catherine's page—how, how fares
your lady?

RUFUS.

She, tott'ring on the brink of ruin, stands,
Impatient of your presence.——

HERMIT.

——Go, my son!

To the protection of my God I leave thee!
He will preserve the virtuous: still I will
Incessant, fervent pray'rs pour out for thee
While I've an hour to live.——

EDWIN.

——O heav'n! direct me.

How shall I stay! How can I, can I leave thee!
O what excruciating, struggling pangs
Now "harrow up my soul," and tear my heart!

A little longer ; yet a little longer.

HERMIT.

It must not be : away, away, my son.
Nature must own the deed is truly noble,
That rescues innocence, and raiseth virtue.

EDWIN.

And is the conflict o'er ! inspiring love !

HERMIT.

May heav'n direct thee o'er the watery way,
And wreath thy brow with Fame's unfading bay;
May Hymen, o'er thy head his banner wave,
And all the virtues light thee to thy grave.
Lend me thy hand and lead me to my cave.

End of the fourth Act.

E e

A C T V.

LORD M'GREGOR *and* CATHERINE.

CATHERINE.

How can you urge it! O remember, fir,
You gave me life! how can you study then
To make it full of wretchedness and sorrow?

M'GREGOR.

What! —minding thee of reverence to thy fire?
Thy much neglected duty, pointing out
With warm regard, and real affection for thee,
A seat where thou may'st bask in all the blaze
Of sumptuous grandeur, and desir'd pow'r,
Roll'd in a sea of ease, of pomp, and pleasure?
Surrounded by admiring crouds, who'd stand
Depending on thy will—are these the means
With which I kill thy peace?—

CATHERINE.

————— They partly are :
How poor are riches to that man who hath
Them not enhanced by the charms of virtue !
Each term you've giv'n them, seems a blooming rose,
But, ah ! what thorny prickles they conceal !
What deathful serpents at their roots lie lurking !

M'GREGOR.

Dost thou begin to prate, and preach to me,
And talk of virtue when thou deviates from it ?
Riches and honour are the golden joys
Which all would have, what schoolmen have declar'd
The gift of heav'n, and heav'n will never curse
Its own free gift. ———

CATHERINE.

————— As honey in the wasp
Is turn'd to poison ; so may riches be
Corrupted by the vicious possessor.

M'GREGOR.

No more of thy presumption ; learn thy distance,
And learn thy duty too ; lest thou provoke
My rising wrath. Consent to be the spouse
And envy'd lady of the great Macdonald,
Or dread my just displeasure.——

CATHERINE.

———Ah ! my fire,
Have you forgot your plighted faith, the vow
You made to Edwin ? did you not to him
Swear, that I should be his, soon as he had
From war and devastation freed our country ?
O think, your words are surely mark'd above.

M'GREGOR.

Then let them be expung'd, for I am free ;
The time is past. And dost thou too contemn
My high authority ? was ever man
Thus griev'd, thus cross'd, and tortur'd by his chil-
dren !

My family shall be sunk, be crush'd, by orphans.
But to command thee I've a right; yea, more,
Thou yet art in my power, in my disposal;
And shalt this night be wed. To-morrow thou
Shalt with Macdonald see his stately tow'rs.

CATHERINE.

Nay: I will die a thousand deaths before
I violate my vow, and wed another.
While Edwin lives, my heart, my life is his.

M'GREGOR.

Then die, and perish, base abandoned girl!
Since thou'rt so tamely reconcil'd to ruin,
Thou art not worth a wish. But, mark me! since
Persuasion fails, thou shalt be straight compell'd!
A few short hours have yet to roll, and then,
Spite of thy rage, I'll put thee to the test.

[Exit M'GREGOR.]

CATHERINE *alone.*

O harsh, unnatural, iron-hearted fire!
To sell a once-lov'd child for bags of gold!
Ambition strikes upon thy jaundic'd sight;
And me thou aim'st the tool, the first laid step
By which thou means to climb unto a throne.
Preposterous madman! view thy whitened locks,
And think how soon grim death shall thee o'ertake,
Cut short thy schemes, thy prospects, and thy life!

[*Pausing.*

In what a gulph of whirling woes I'm plung'd!
That drive, and dash me, ah! I know not where!
My bark, now shatter'd by continual storms,
At every toss I think shall rise no more!
The sun ere long shall sink beneath the wave.
O night! I dread, yet with thy quick approach,
Big with some great event, which future times
Shall with amazement mark! thou com'st! thou
com'st!

Soon, soon th' important hour, or fixes me
In bliss compleat, or complicated woes.
Pale mistress of the night! arise and shed,
From thy broad orb, a shower of silver rays,

To cheer my Edwin's anxious, throbbing heart,
And guide his wandering vessel 'cross the main!
Blow fast, ye northern winds, and swell his sails;
Impel his keel to cut the foaming wave,
As fast as feathered shaft divides the air;
For, oh! 'tis only he can comfort Catherine!

Hark! now they come, hence let me fly! O rocks!
Hide me within your horrid wombs! that I
May shun Macdonald's loth'd, yet forc'd embraces!
'Tis but my friend! her looks are chang'd! how gay!

Enter EUPHRESIA

Thy tidings, good Euphresia?—

EUPHRESIA.

———O my friend!

Rich are the news I bring you! I but now
Have spy'd a lofty vessel, whose high masts,
Spread wide their ample wings before the wind;
Swiftly she plow'd the yielding frothy frith,
And while I'm speaking anchors in the bay.

CATHERINE.

'Tis my young warrior : who in happy hour,
Through dangers dauntless comes to rescue Catherine!

Sweet is the show'r to parched fields, and sweet
The summer to the frozen isles. The sun
Dispelling night, and chasing off the storms
That toss'd the fainting mariner, is sweet.

Health to th' afflicted, freedom to the slave,
And life to the condemn'd, are surely sweet :
But yet a thousand times more sweet will be
Be to my tear-acquainted, longing eyes.

O Edwin! Edwin! shall we meet again
To part no more! delightful, heav'nly sound!
Harmonious Nature, throughout all her works,
Can never chime the like! Go, loyal friend,
Go meet and tell him our first interview
Must be beneath the sacred well-known oak.
Return with haste and caution to thy chamber,
For there impatiently I'll wait thy coming.

[Exit severally.]

S C E N E.

MACDONALD and PAGE.

MACDONALD.

And dost thou think he fell?—

PAGE.

-----Most sure he did.

From where I watch'd I saw them spring upon him;
The clang of arms arose, but the thick wood
Soon veil'd them from mine eye.—

MACDONALD.

-----It must be so.

There's gold. [*gives a purse*] Go, find them out
with nimble foot.

If he be slain, 'tis well: If bound in chains,
As I gave charge, command them, in my name,
To bring him so before me, soon's they hear
Me sound the well-known horn. I've done: away!

F f

PAGE.

Swift as the wintry blast I fly, my lord.

[Exit PAGE.]

MACDONALD *alone.*

So much for one : but, O infernals, aid me :
There yet is much to do. The son and Sire
They both must die ! then crown'd with bays I'll
thank ye.

The haughty boy obstructs my way to bliss,
Stops love's delicious feast of conquer'd charms.
The fire will cross me with his state affairs,
In which I dare not meddle : But his death,
Will constitute me far the greatest lord
That ever trode a Caledonian vale.

Would it were done, and to the glaring world
My honour nought eclips'd ! [*pausing*] It is, it is !
Confirm'd and sure. But here th' old dotard
comes,

He must not know the Rival's in my pow'r ;
His ignorance of that is the strong Base

Where all my hopes are built. But, soft, he's
here.

M'GREGOR *entering*.

My lord, my Lord——

MACDONALD.

——Right noble lord, what means
All this disorder'd haste?——

M'GREGOR.

——The daring guilt,
And purpos'd wickedness of curs'd Euphresia.

MACDONALD.

Ha! what of her?

M'GREGOR.

——A deed I long have fear'd.

Just as I past the poplar bower, that fronts
The murm'ring rill, I found the female friends.
Conceal'd I stopt, and saw my daughter send
Euphresia down the dark meand'ring path,
That seeks the Northern Cliff, intent to learn
If Edwin was arriv'd. Then by the words
Which from the pensive Catherine dropt, I found
Her couns'ller had been urging, that, in case
The minion came not, she'd prepare a draught
Of deadly poison to enlarge her soul,
Free it from dust, and all our boasted pow'r.

MACDONALD.

'Tis now Balerma's injur'd shade appears!
Yonder it stares in awful majesty,
Frowning at me, and howling for revenge!
And shall my Catherine's join it! Never, never.
She dies! she dies! this night the traitress dies!
This panting steel is burning for her blood.

[Runs to the side scene, then returns.]

M'GREGOR, *aside*.

The scheme succeeds—I'll now be rid of her.

MACDONALD.

But in I go. M'Gregor, hear me: Edwin
Is lurking in the vale, and means by stealth
This very night to bear away your daughter.

M'GREGOR.

Ha! base perfidious wretch! In what dark grove
Skulks the bold fugitive, the wand'ring orphan?
Even this old arm shall to the whistling winds
Bestow his dwarfish spirit.—

MACDONALD.

———Then, my lord,
I'm not reveng'd: 'tis I have felt the wrongs;
And he who toils should eat the favoury morsel.

M'GREGOR.

The task I like not : But perhaps my child's
Expiring now ?—The poison ! O the poison !

MACDONALD.

I run, I fly ! [*going*]—

M'GREGOR.

——But first unfold the den
Of this young treacherous wolf.——

MACDONALD.

———Within the grove,
Beneath the oak, that shades the stream, he sits,
Waiting the midnight, to purloin the prize :
Not long ago my trusty servant came,
Who since the morn, hath watch'd each latent mo-
tion :
He told me, as beneath a copse he lay,
He saw Euphresia, by your daughter's orders,

Bear off Reynaldo's clothes, to dress the traitor :
And to make all secure, the orphan was,
As much as possible, to ape his speech.

M'GREGOR.

Detested thought ! deceitful, matchless villain !
Accurs'd, contriving girl ! but such are orphans.
Fiends ! furies ! sent to fill the world with broils.

MACDONALD.

Yes ; such his life at least will be to you,
And all your aims ; for know, should we avow
Your lawful rights unto the Scottish crown,
His rage at us, and favour with the king,
Together with th' allies his pow'r may gain,
Will make him the most formidable foe
(Believe me, sir) that we can fear or doubt.

M'GREGOR.

O ! that has rais'd a flame within my breast,
That quite consumes each tender thought ! he dies !

Had he a thousand lives I'd end them all.

MACDONALD.

What way to gall him in the hour of death,
Is all I study now. My hated form
Would rack his soul, would make him gnash his
teeth,
And bite the ground. My sword and clothes be
yours;
The rising moon will light you through the vale.

M'GREGOR.

I'm charmed with thy wit: thy genius rich,
And enterprising, fraught with great designs,
And deep laid plots, endear thee ever to me!
Thou art the man can aid me in the work,
The arduous work of rising to a throne.

MACDONALD.

Just to my wish! superior to my hopes!
I laugh to think how the old fire and son,

Streaming with blood, shall dying hug each other.

[*Aside.*

Where is your daughter, sir?—

M'GREGOR.

———'Tis now the hour
She wanders oft alone:—but then the poison;

MACDONALD.

Haste, let us change; the time is precious:
yonder
The moon, full-orb'd, steals from the woody hill.

M'GREGOR.

Why do we tarry here? come, now's the time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Chamber.*

CATHERINE and EUPHRESIA.

CATHERINE.

Then all is over, lost, and gone for ever !
 Why am I haras'd thus, thus rent with fears !
 O death ! sweet death ! that sets the captive free,
 When with a home-thrust wilt thou favour Ca-
 therine ?

EUPHRESIA.

Despair not, O my friend ! for heav'n beholds
 No piece of guilt with so much detestation.

CATHERINE.

What dost thou talk ? Vain words ! which way
 I turn,
 The haggard skeleton stares wildly on me !
 Thou hast thy lov'd Reynaldo to protect thee
 From every menac'd ill ; whilst, ah, thy friend,

On one hand quakes at ev'ry hasty breath,
And on the other a long waste of woes
Crowd on the mind, and pain my bursting heart ;
The racking thoughts that Edwin is no more !
What clamour didst thou hear ?— —

EUPHRESIA.

——As I return'd,
Silent and flow along the darksome path,
Beyond the river where the narrow vale
Is darken'd by the cliff, and waving pines,
Methought the voice arose. But mix'd, and broke
By the hoarse-chiding stream, and moaning winds,
'Twas render'd inarticulate. I stoopt,
And looking eagerly, beheld the gleam
Of polish'd arms ; then heard the clash of swords.
Appall'd I stood : then, like the affrighted hind,
I trembling ran to tell you.——

CATHERINE.

.....Ah ! enough :
He's gone ! he's gone ! and I am left a prey

To the voracious vultures! No: I fly
Beyond all human pow'r: to some dark grave
I haste to rest my wearied frame for ever.

EUPHRESIA.

Through life or death I will attend you.—

CATHERINE.

-----No:

Thou art too kind: leave me, I'll go alone;
'Tis worse than death to stay. To shun my foes
I'll seek the bushy vale: there I perhaps
May meet with Rufus, he shall tell me all.

EUPHRESIA.

Then swear you will not fall upon your life.

CATHERINE.

Reason I hope shall guide me. [*Pausing*] Saidst
thou not

Thy love, beneath the oak, was waiting for thee?

EUPHRESIA.

Since mid-day he's been absent : much I fear
His father knows our loves. Accouter'd well
With hunting spear, and bow, he call'd his dogs,
And giving me a warm but pensive look,
He bade me meet him at the fall of eve
Within the bower : then bounded o'er the plain.

CATHERINE.

Then go and meet him : let me not withhold
That bliss which fate has long deny'd to me.
May heav'n watch o'er and crown your tender loves
With greatest success. Go : acquaint the youth
With all that's past : he is our only guard.

[*Exeunt.*]

The back SCENE opens and discovers REYNALDO resting upon a green bank ; a bow and quiver at his head, a couple of hounds asleep at his feet, and a hunting spear stuck in the ground by his side, after which he rises and speaks.

Now, Day, that young-ey'd prince, with all his train,

Is sunk to rest, and his grave mother reigns.

O the delights of nature! who can tell
The loveliest of her scenes? The azure morn,
The golden noon, the variegated eve,
Or fable night, which merits highest praise
To him who doth contemplate their charms?
Who tastes their sweetness, and explores their pow'r,
The present pleases most be which it will.
Indeed what eye unravish'd can behold
Yon glorious lamps, or that refulgent orb,
Which strews with silver the high curling wave,
Checquers the landscape, and with mildest beams
Sets off, in solemn pomp, the face of Nature?
The distant murmurs of the main, the winds,
Which softly whisper thro' the leafy grove,
Join'd by sweet Philomela's melting song,

Strike heav'nly music on th' enraptur'd ear.
'Tis now the time when youthful lovers steal,
From the censorious world, to breathe their flame
In undissembled, artless eloquence,
And sigh their inmost souls out to each other.

Euphresia! O my love! why dost thou stay!
Each moment seems an age when thou art absent.

Enter M'GREGOR, in MACDONALD'S clothes, listening.

Some fatal evil, some malicious foe,
Has stept between us, and prevents thy coming.

M'GREGOR.

Methinks I hear him; yonder stands the traitor;
A cloud obscures the moon. O glorious fortune!

REYNALDO.

Unfeeling fire! savage, remorseless fire!
She now is fall'n obnoxious to thy wrath.
Perhaps (O heav'n, forbid it!) now the victim.

M'GREGOR.

How he upbraids me : base, ungrateful foundling!
My blood begins to boil with indignation.

REYNALDO.

O cruel destiny ! what pleasure thou
Takest to torment us.——

M'GREGOR.

-----How he mimics him
Just to the very life. Has youth such cunning?

REYNALDO.

But 'tis Macdonald that ferments the whole :
That base, malicious, deep-dissembling knave !
I know he seeks my life, but would he come,
Deck'd in fair honour's plumes, young as I am
I'd conquer, or I'd die th' undaunted hero !

M'GREGOR.

Curse on thy vaunting! yet it well becomes thee;
But shall not long. I burn to tear thy heart!
This vengeful steel is quiv'ring to be at thee.
Now secretly behind the copse I'll steal.

REYNALDO.

Hark! what a found of leaves! perhaps she
comes,
My peerless fair one comes! expand, my heart,
Wide to receive the rich, the glorious treasure,
Unparallell'd on earth. Ere long I will
Bear thee, sweet maid! to my domain, where even
Nor curs'd Macdonald's arts, nor all the rage
Of a stern father shall annoy us.—

[M'GREGOR *rushing forward*, wounds REYNALDO.

———Never!

[REYNALDO *plucking up the spear*.
Ye guardian spirits, protect me! Ha! Macdonald!—

H h

M'GREGOR.

Yes, and he'll scourge thee, orphan.—

REYNALDO.

———Coward slave!

Thou dost mistake me: But no matter that,

[*Engaging.*

Reynaldo ever is Macdonald's foe.

[M'GREGOR *falls.*

M'GREGOR.

Infernal horrors! art thou then Reynaldo?

REYNALDO.

Yes, by yon stars I am, and who art thou?

M'GREGOR.

A miserable wretch thou once call'd fire!
But by Macdonald gull'd, betray'd, and ruin'd!

He told me thou wast Edwin, who design'd,
Beneath thy garb and voice, to steal my daughter.

REYNALDO.

Tremendous fate! who, who can found thy depth?
What have I done! was ever deed so black!
O my torn heart! my fire! forgive me, Heaven!
And O send your bright messengers to waft
His trembling spirit to the seats of bliss.

M'GREGOR.

No, 'tis too late: My crimes have shut me out;
And now, like hissing furies, flock around me.
They lash my Conscience with their flaming whips,
They chase my flying soul! O how they tear it,
Struggling to quit this guilty frame! Henceforth
Let ev'ry parent call to mind my end,
And think more justly of his childrens welfare,
And of his own true happiness, than I've done.
For where's my prospects now? They all are chang'd
To yon deep, horrible, tormenting gloom!—
Had I another life to live, I would

Devote it to more noble aims : and---Oh ! [Dies.

[REYNALDO, *throwing himself by the body,*

O ! horror ! horror !—

EUPHRESIA *entering.*

—Sure a mournful voice

Did now accost mine ear ! Too true !—Reynaldo

Is dead : is murderd ; O my love ! my love !

REYNALDO *raising himself up.*

No, gentle maid I live : and yet I'm thine,

EUPHRESIA.

Transporting word ! come then and let me count
How many wounds the false Macdonald gave thee ;
For now I see that haughty Chief's no more.

Thy limbs are bath'd in blood ; how pale thou
look'st !

REYNALDO.

The wound is nothing, 'tis beneath my notice ;

But, O my love! my life! my dear Euphresia!
Look who lies there, and wonder if thou canst,
At the wan colours of my pallid cheek!

EUPHRESIA.

Macdonald, the sole author of our woes.

REYNALDO.

No: 'tis the man who took thee and thy brother,
Scarce living from the salted wreck, who watch'd,
With a fond father's care your infant years;
Who was your guardian ever until now;
The man whom once I call'd my honour'd fire.

EUPHRESIA,

Thy fire apparell'd thus!——It is! it is!
The man who aw'd the North with his high nod;
My second Father too; again I'm left
An orphan 'mid th' inhospitable world.

REYNALDO.

How canst thou tear my bleeding heart anew.
Hast thou forgot the oath I swore ; it binds
Me to support thee thro' the waste of life ;
And, trust me, I'll thee guard with warmer love
Than I'd protect this heart within my breast.

EUPHRESIA.

Forgive me, Sir ; and, O accept these tears
As all the thanks I'm able now to give.

REYNALDO.

They are enough, and more, but Rufus comes.

RUFUS *entering*.

What's this before me ?—Happy, happy fight !
There the disturber of domestic peace
Lies low in silence.——

REYNALDO.

——Is my friend arriv'd?

RUFUS.

Arriv'd : but since he no where can be found,
We fear'd the treachery of that slain Macdonald.

REYNALDO.

And yet have cause to fear him more : for he
Is doubtless now a carrying on some black,
Infernal plot : where is my hapless sister?

EUPHRESIA.

This dismal scene hath stopt me, Sir, from giving
You an account of all : amid the gloom
Of yon wide woody vale, alone she walks,
Nor would she suffer me t' attend her.—

REYNALDO.

——Then

Perhaps she breathes no more ! Hence let me fly
To find her out, and save her from the villain.

RUFUS.

His shade may haunt her, but his frame lies here.

REYNALDO.

I would it had been so ; but adverse fate
Design'd it otherwise.——

Enter BRYNA hastily.

BRYNA.

——I come to seek
My master [*seeing the body*]—death is here !

REYNALDO.

——There low he lies.
Ye faithful two, bear off his bloody corpse.
Tho' he was cruel he was still my fire.

EUPHRESIA.

Where shall I go, amid such crouds of fears?

REYNALDO.

They are thy guide and guardian to the hall.
I must away to seek and guard thy friend.

BRYNA.

Pains rack the hand that did it! O my master!

[As they go off with the body on one side, and

*REYNALDO on the other, assassins are seen to
spring across the edge of the stage.]*

REYNALDO behind the scenes.

My life! my life! assassinated! ho!

*[A confused distant noise behind the scenes; the
following words heard distinctly.]*

You 'scape not always: strike.

The Scene closes.

I i

SCENE *beyond the stream; CATHERINE alone. MACDONALD enters softly behind her; with a dagger in his hand offers to stab her; is mistaken and throws it away.*

CATHERINE.

-----My father! no,
You seem my butcher now. Well, here's my breast
Bare to your fury; see, it heaves to tempt
And meet with more than joy your hungry steel.

MACDONALD.

I've lost the serpent, but have found the dove.

[*Aside.*

I'm not thy father, but thy lover still.
That dagger vile I meant it for another;
But some left-handed, mean, mischievous imp,
Would have it turn'd on thee. Come, love me now.

CATHERINE.

I never will. Thou traitor! dark in soul,

Thou midnight bear, thou greedy murderer!
There take it up: strike here a deadly stab,
And I will thank thee: I will bless thee too.
For while I live, I only live to hate thee.

MACDONALD.

Then hear and tremble. [*sounds a horn*] Nay, I
have thee now.

Thy fire and brother know this world no more.
Thy warrior, desp'rate, foams in iron chains,
Whom I will torture in thy very fight,
And force thee to compliance.—

*Enter six of MACDONALD's men with their swords
drawn.*

MACDONALD.

——Stand prepar'd
To parry ev'ry danger.——

[*sounds the horn.*]

CATHERINE.

——Poor's thy triumph
O'er a defenceless woman! I believe
Thy bloody tale; it suits thy nature well,
Yet thou canst bid me love thee. What!—O poison!
Seraphs and fiends shall sooner love each other:
And as for life, I have a thousand ways
To rid me of it!——

Enter EDWIN, in chains, guarded.

MACDONALD.

——There's thy hero crown'd
In glory: there is thy fam'd conqueror.

CATHERINE.

Is this th' infernal world!——

EDWIN.

———Heart-breaking fight!
It seems a corner of it.——

CATHERINE.

——Quit thy hold—
Or tear my frame in pieces!-----

MACDONALD.

-----No, proud maid :
Consent unto my love, or by yon sky
I'll force thee in his fight : then bathe thy feet
In orphan's blood.-----

CATHERINE.

-----Where is the thunder-bolts?
Will they not speak for me!-----

MACDONALD.

-----Does woman need
A speaker? then't must be a cataract;
A thunder storm would pause too oft, and set
Her on herself again a bawling at it.

EDWIN *seems to speak to his guards aside, then staggering forward exclaims.*

O all the curses ! Guilt itself will curse thee !

MACDONALD.

Sweet, sweet Revenge ! I'll glut my fury now
With honey'd draughts of vengeance ! Miscreant
Boy !

Now, I could rip thy heart [*waving the sword at his breast*] but that shall be
The last, the fav'rite dish : I'll make thee feel
A double rack for ev'ry woe I've suffer'd.

EDWIN.

Insulting savage ! I disdain thy threats.
All thou can'st do is to expend thy rage
For a few moments, tort'ring this frail clay ;
The foul, secur'd in conscious innocence,
Smiles at thy bloody sword.—

CATHERINE.

———Exalted mind!

Thou piece of adamant within my breast,
Wilt thou not break! Many beg hard for life,
But death I cannot find!——

MACDONALD.

———I'm losing time.

Guards, hack his limbs in pieces! No: myself
Shall have the pleasure: hold the raving maid.

[Lets her go.]

CATHERINE.

O spare him, and I yield! But here's my freedom.

[Catches hold of the dagger.]

Now, boaster! now!

[Offers to stab herself.]

EDWIN *throwing off the chains, his guards at the same time unmask, and discover themselves to be* REYNALDO, RUFUS, *and* BRYNA.

———His cup runs over. Hold,
Thou matchless maid! delight of Heav'n and men!
I yet am free, am able to protect thee.

MACDONALD.

Where are the guards?—confusion! I'm betray'd
[*His men stand astonish'd.*]

EDWIN.

No, tyrant! no, it is avenging justice.

REYNALDO.

My father's ghost cries vengeance: yet, inspire
Thy drooping slaves, and let them still defend thee.

MACDONALD.

For shame! be men, and let not boys——

[*Makes a push at EDWIN.*

MEN.

-----We will,

Or die or conquer.

[REYNALDO, RUFUS, BRYNA, and MAC-
DONALD'S *men fight, and exeunt.*

EDWIN.

-----Stand, thou coward! stand!

CATHERINE.

Enchantment all! can I believe mine eyes!

MACDONALD.

Thou art a coward, thou a ruffian---else
Disguis'd thou hadst not come.-----

K k

EDWIN.

-----I came to prove
My Cath'rine's constancy, to know the bent
And firmness of her love, which thy brib'd slaves
Swore was corrupted, chang'd, and giv'n to thee;
And tho' I might have sworn her true, yet well
I knew thy hellish nature; knew that soon
As I appear'd in arms, thou, to revenge
Thyself on me, hadst sheath'd thy sword in her.
Each bush contain'd a fury I believ'd.
Thy hungry clan were wholly here, and all
The fry below to shield thy wickedness.
Were I a ruffian like thyself, I might;
With ease have stabb'd thee while I seem'd in chains;
But still I spurn'd the thought, tho' thy foul crimes
Entitl'd thee to meet no better fate;
Crimes known to me; crimes that might strike thee
dumb,
Might pang thee through; but that thy brutal heart
Is proof 'gainst all remorse. I came to find
And prove thee ripe for vengeance---Kneel, or strike.

MACDONALD.

Vain-glorious upstart! thou commandest well,
And I obey thee once to thy confusion :
And to thy torment hear, that maid is false
To thee, to me, and to a hundred more,
And thou art falser still----Perdition seize thee!----
[*Desperately springing forward.*

EDWIN.

Then let the falsest fall.-----

[MACDONALD *falls.*

MACDONALD.

-----O I am caught
In the same snare I've set----for ever gone!
Curs'd chance---perfidious fortune---when I thought
I'd gain'd the summit of my utmost wishes,
When all the lux'ry of a woman's charms,
When all the stores for which ambition fights,
Were spread before me on thy lap; thou driv'st
Me to destruction by an orphan's hand----

Distraction!—agony!—O for a bolt—
That would at once to pieces tear the globe,
That this curs'd couple might not miss to fall,
But instant perish in Macdonald's fight!

[Dies.

EDWIN.

Unhappy man! thy fate I truly pity.

CATHERINE.

My love! my guardian angel!-----

EDWIN.

-----Faithful maid!

See the big tear roll in the warrior's eye!
The tear of joy to find thee still upright;
The tear of grief for my unjust suspicions!
How could I try thy matchless virtues in
So harsh a manner! canst thou then forgive me?

CATHERINE.

O yes, dear youth ; you've suffer'd more than
I've done.

For me you've fought the hostile deathful field ;
For me you're now deform'd with many a scar,
And now have suffer'd all th' insulting scorn
Of a profane barbarian for me.

EDWIN.

O transport ! rapture ! blifs beyond compare !
Here, folded in thy snowy arms, I'll lose
All fight of woe. In Love's chrystalline streams
I'll wash my heart from ev'ry jealous thought ;
And ev'ry wound I'll count a glorious badge
To honour, and to sweeten future life.

Enter REYNALDO, EUPHRESIA, RUFUS, *and* BRYNA.

REYNALDO.

Now all is well : the gloom is parting : and
Death stalks away well pleas'd.-----

EDWIN.

-----Hail, happy pair!
Hail, valiant friends!-----

RUFUS *and* BRYNA.

-----All hail, Pomona's Lord!

REYNALDO.

There bleeds the lion, and the roaring cubs
Have none of them escap'd: two fell, the rest
Surrender'd; which, with those we stript before,
Lie in the prison bound.-----

EUPHRESIA.

-----Our toils are o'er.
How sweet is pleasure when 'tis earn'd with pain!

EDWIN.

We all have known adversity, we all
Have cross'd a rolling sea with dangers fraught:

But now the storms subside, the surges sleep,
And a fair haven opens to our view,
Where, crown'd with love and happiness, we'll reign.

CATHERINE.

I'm lost in wonder at thy ways, O Heav'n!
Thy ways inscrutable, tho' dark, still just!
Awake, my heart, with gratitude and praise,
And love; for still pure love shall conquer all.

RUFUS.

May we retire to have the stiffen'd corpse
Of Lord M'Gregor carried to the hall.
Bare to the winds, amid yon grove it lies.

EDWIN.

Yes: your fidelity and noble courage
Shall amply be rewarded. Go, my friends.

[*Exit RUFUS and BRYNA.*]

To CATHERINE.

Weep on, my love! these silent tears proclaim

The greatness of thy mind. He was thy fire,
And tho' found guilty, blinded by that wretch
To quit the path of rectitude, he claims
The tear of Nature, and the sigh of sorrow.
But I'm thy husband, I'm thy guard thro' life.
Let us be ardent in the glorious practice
Of Heav'n-born virtue; then, when Nature fails,
To yon fair fields we'll wing our flight together,
Where Love, and Joy, and Virtue ever reign.

REYNALDO.

I weep his exit: I lament the way
In and by which he fell: but why, it was
Th' unalterable, fix'd decree of Fate.
Th' Almighty hath declar'd that conscious guilt
Shall never go unpunish'd. Virtue is
His darling gem, and only meets reward.
Tho' Vice may triumph, Virtue seem to sink
Beneath his paw to Death's devouring brink:
Yet, like a radiant Cherub, she'll arise,
Tread on her foes, and reach her Native skies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I S T L E

T O

E U G E N I O.

“ But wrapt in error is the human mind,

“ And human blifs is ever infecure.

“ Know ye what fortune yet remains behind ?

“ Know ye how long the present shall endure ?”

FROM the warm hurry, useful care and toil
Of business, whereby industry and truth,
Esteem and wealth are purchas'd, which I trust
Thou now art richly reaping, deign to turn
A moment, and recal the man by thee
Once term'd a friend ; or if the guileful scenes,
Entitled pleasure, or amusement, which
The city spreads, high-pictur'd and set off
With ev'ry fascinating art, have caught
Thy youthful heart (which Heav'n forbid), O turn,

Eugenio! turn, and lend a patient ear
Unto my humble song, whose numbers now
To mournful strains of grief are only tun'd.

From balmy sleep refresh'd, I once could spring,
Cheerful and careless as the mountain lark,
Exulting in the beam of morn: my days,
Tho' busy, were delightful; joyful hopes
Crown'd ev'ry passing hour; and peaceful as
The sweetly-closing summer eve, I could
Again lie down in undisturb'd repose.

But now the sad reverse takes place: a cloud,
A frowning cloud, thick, broad, and swelling, blots,
Each pleasing prospect out, and on my head
Pours a rough ceaseless wint'ry storm of woe.

Ah me! too high, too tender, gay and sweet
Was my felicity, to flourish long
In this disorder'd clime, where Fortune fits
The giddy ruler. In her downy lap
Secure I seem'd to lie, nor ever thought
The gaudy favours her own fair right hand
Had cull'd, with so much care, and heapt upon me,
Should be so soon with causeless cruel rage

All blasted by the other. Fickle Dame!
Take warning here, thou inexperienc'd youth,
And never trust her, tho' she seem to wear
A form as radiant as a guest from Heav'n.

By thee Polinus and Vermina once
Were known, esteem'd, and prais'd. Their graces,
then,
Just in the bud, were only by a few
Surrounding nice observers seen; but since,
How did they rise! How soon they stood disclos'd
(Amazing growth!) in all the richness of
Unrivall'd bloom! A clear unruffled mind,
An ample, grateful, ever-faithful heart;
Genius refin'd, and bold wisdom profound;
True honour, social converse, sprightly wit,
And sound unostentatious worth were his;
Her's were the whole compleat accomplishments
That dignify the softer sex. A soul,
By virtue's rays illumin'd, rais'd sublime,
Far, far above the narrow sphere of this
Beclouded spot, on contemplation's wings
For ever bounding, ardent to regain
Her happy native realms; a bosom stor'd

With ev'ry noble feeling ; vivid, warm
And tender ; pure devotion ; pity soft ;
Mild blushing modesty, and glowing love :
No inward storm, by lawless passions rais'd,
O'erturn'd the quiet breast ; but innocence
Sweet thro' the temper still diffus'd a free
Engaging cheerfulness, by solid sense,
Delightful talk, and lively taste enhanc'd.
Her form the boast of nature : harmoniz'd,
Enliven'd, beautify'd, and finish'd off
With ev'ry native, rare, unsullied charm
That fair perfection needs. O what a look !
An artless, conquering, humble, heav'nly look,
Enough to fire the frozen heart of Age ;
Tame the rude savage ; melt his horrid breast
To infant softness, and make daring vice
Ev'n droop before it, check'd, abash'd, and aw'd.

Such were the youthful two : from tongue to
tongue

Their lavish praises in sweet music flow'd,
Sincere and high the wond'ring country round.
Vile Slander only silence kept. He with

His pois'nous mother, Envy, frowning fat
And gnaw'd his nail, but durst not mouth a word.

Think then, Eugenio, when the kind regard
Of others was so great; what, what was mine?
When they esteem'd, imagine I ador'd;
When theirs was admiration, mine were high
Extatic raptures not to be describ'd.
For, oh! the ties that bound my willing heart
Were infinitely stronger; they were all
The countless tender ties that fervent love
And holy friendship know, spun by the hand
Of heav'n, and twin'd in one soft, sacred, firm,
Indissoluble band, that strengthen'd still
By wearing. For tho' all that knew the pair
Might have believ'd them for each other form'd;
Yet, (O luxurious bliss!) they both were mine.
He was my early-chosen, well-try'd friend;
My pattern, counsellor, support, and guide;
My joy in solitude; my shield against
The force of injury; my mirror true,
That shew'd me still the most impartial views
Of my defects, my best assistant in
The bustling maze of business, and my sure

Affylum in distress. His generous breast
Was ever open to my search; and yet
It was a cabinet where well I could
Deposite all my private thoughts, and count
Them safe as in my own. O what a rich,
Inestimable treasure! such as gold
Can never buy, as few on earth enjoy,
And such as I could never prize enough.
She, by mild Nature's sweet resistless laws;
By the chaste mutual flame which long had glow'd
With hallowed ardour, by the mutual vows
Of love and constancy, that ev'ry grove
And stream of our resort had witnessed oft;
That guardian spirits seem'd to hear well pleas'd,
And judging Heav'n had mark'd and seal'd above,
Was still more dear, still more compleatly mine.

Tho' he was knit unto me, tho' I would
Not have resign'd him for Golconda's wealth,
Nor Cæsar's sceptre; yet in her I found
A something still more exquisitely sweet,
That, (when I thought or gaz'd upon her charms,
Listen'd the music of her voice, or claspt
Her form angelic) ran thro' all my nerves,

Open'd afresh the crimson fluices of
My fondly-beating heart, and fill'd all with
A high transporting flow of pure delight
Ineffable and boundless: all my soul
Was melted, fir'd, sublim'd, and ravish'd
By the mysterious stealing mighty pow'r.

Who then so blest'd as I? the concave blue
Spread spacious out, encompassing the globe,
Cover'd no mortal, envy'd then by me,
Light flew the time, the downy-footed hours
Unnumber'd, almost unperceiv'd, stole on.
All seem'd a gay Elysium round: but, ah!
'Twas but the short, deceitful, sunny calm
That brightens round th' unskilful passenger,
Bound for some wish'd-for port: who, while the sea
Continues calm, and sun-beams warmly play
On its smooth surface, hugs himself in ease,
His inexperience dreams not of the storm
That's brewing fast before him in the sky,
Nor thinks of ought but joy, 'till all the wide
Horizon round is wrapt in frightful gloom,
And the wild tempest of distracted winds,
Of bellowing thunders, deathful flames, and foul

Impetuous torrents, burst upon his head ;
Heave the strong roaring surge to heav'n, and fix
The speechless wretch in horror. Such a blind
Unthinking youth was I ; and such the storm
That then descended on me. O Eugenio !
How shall I tell the tragical event.

'Twas when the sun was sunk beyond the brow
Of lofty Calkan, that by sober Eve,
Invited, urg'd by restless love, and grac'd
By fair Vermina's hand, I took my last
Delighting walk unto th' accusom'd bow'r ;
The bow'r that oft had ope'd its leafy arms
To embrace us both, and hide us from the jeer
Of the censorious world, that oft had heard
And answer'd our fond sighs, what time the breeze
Play'd round its balmy sides. Thither arriv'd,
On the soft grassy couch we sat us down,
And the full-flowing soul in ev'ry word,
And ev'ry look, sent out reciprocal.
O 'twas a tender hour ! our passions then,
Without a jar, were all attun'd to love.
Yet when I warmly prest her to appoint
The happy day that should behold us link'd

In wedlock's golden chain, with sharp-edg'd wit
She cut each argument that I could use
In useless pieces. Tho' th' unconscious sigh,
That now and then oft heav'd her glowing breast,
And the approving glance that oft escap'd
Her twinkling eyes, would have convinc'd a youth
Not wrapt in love like me, that ev'ry thought
Gainsay'd her eloquence. A while she strove,
Or seem'd to strive, to conquer love, and me.
Then as if bent to strike me dumb with joy,
And overwhelm with extacy my hurried soul,
She said, her heart was wholly mine, and ere
The infant falling moon had fill'd her horn,
The priest should by the Hymeneal knot
Fulfil our wishes, sanction each desire,
And make us happy both; or death alone
Should hinder. Figure to yourself the flood
Of transports that broke loose within me then?
'Twas bliss in the extreme; almost too great
For mortal strength to bear. With eager arms
I held her to my breast, and on her charms,
Redoubl'd by the sweet confused glow
Of rosy blushes that o'erspread her cheek,
At what she'd utter'd could have gaz'd for ever.

But soon intruding rashly on our bliss,
Th' unwelcom'd hour of parting came: I blam'd
Old hoary Time, and all his messengers,
So slow when wanted most, so hasty when
We wish their stay but for a moment.
Full of rage at them, and tenderness for her,
I with a fault'ring tongue pronounc'd the sharp,
The cruel word farewell—Then bade them drive
Ten thousand times more fast than e'er they flew
From happy lovers, in their happiest hour,
And bring that best of nights, when I might call
Vermina all my own; then sleep as long
As the condemned wretch would wish the night
That's prior to his execution. Oft
As I withdrew, I turn'd and after-ey'd
The lovely keeper of my heart, whose steps
The graces all attended. Calmly she
Walk'd on, as if in meditation wrapt,
Nor once return'd a look, till quite conceal'd
From any eye but mine, beneath the boughs
Of two tall trees, that at the farther end
Of the green open walk embow'ring grew.
There turning round, unthinking I beheld,
On the dark grove, that we had newly left,

She fix'd her steady eyes, and seem'd to say :
" Bloom on, sweet bow'r ! for ever fresh and gay
" Be thy serene retreats. May no rank thoughts,
" By night or day, defile thy visitors.
" May actions guileful, barb'rous, and unchaste
" From thy soft bosom be excluded far.
" Let never blood thy verdant honours stain,
" Nor corpse of any kind, nor troubled ghost
" Near thy pure peaceful mansions flock the view.
" But be to meditation, solitude,
" Truth, virtue, honour, innocence, delight,
" And love, for ever sacred. Tho' I need
" No longer steal from home to catch the hour
" By Corydon appointed ; when to charm
" My raptur'd ear with gentle tales of love,
" On thy enamell'd seats he waited my
" Approach, with all the fond impatience of
" An anxious lover, tofs'd 'twixt hope and fear ;
" Yet will I oft, when ruddy pinion'd morn
" Adorns the east ; or when mild Evening draws
" Her filken curtains round, gemm'd richly o'er
" With dewy stars : then yet I'll often leave
" The thoughtless noise, and hurry of the world,
" And underneath thy fragrant canopy,

“ Sole fitting, muse on objects that concern
“ A long eternity beyond the grave.
“ Or blest’d with him, the partner of my lot,
“ Congratulate each other’s happiness,
“ Improve each other’s minds, and make the road
“ Of life seem easy, till together we
“ Both ripe in virtue, and in years, lay down
“ Our tenements of dust, and lightly wing
“ The gladsome way to that thrice-happy land,
“ Where all the just, the good and holy dwell,
“ And nothing that’s impure can ever come.”

All this and more her attitude express’d,
Then, as entranc’d in heav’nly vision, lean’d
Back on the sycamore with eyes upturn’d,
And motionless in ev’ry part, as if
Her warm, her pious soul was wholly flown
To the All-Glorious Source of love and joy,
And the fair fabric only left behind.

Long in this noble, solemn, sweet employ
(Known only to a few), the beauteous faint
Remain’d. Ev’n when she left the hallowed spot,
And softly flit away, her ev’ry thought

Seem'd still to climb unwearied to the skies,
And in return to draw immortal draughts
Of unembitter'd consolations down.
Delightful intercourse! can there be aught
On earth so truly great, so wise as this,
To hold communion with, and lean on Him
Whom seraphs, with their faces veil'd, adore?
Who can dispose of the celestial thrones,
The seats of glory, and th' infernal cells
Of awful wrath, according to his just,
Unerring pleasure. Sure that soul thus join'd,
Nor feels the wild tumultuous racking storms
Of warring passions, nor can fear the frowns
Of adverse Fortune, or the blasts of Hell.

And such Vermina surely was. Of what
Strange ice, or adamant, must that cold heart
Be form'd, that could not love her? but tho' all
The world had lov'd; yet never, never one
Could then have lov'd like me. O Heav'ns! how
long

I could have stay'd, and followed with my view
The dear, dear maid! ev'n till my eye-strings, strain'd
Beyond their proper bounds, had broke, and both

The sparkling balls been in a dark-thick film
Wrapt up, eclips'd, and useless for ever.

But soon, too soon, the envious portals of
Her rural dwelling hid her from my sight.
A heavy sigh, sent from my inmost breast,
Fled after on th' officious breeze: two tears,
That ready stood, dropt down two globes of dew,
No cause I could assign. Then turning round,
Beneath the lustre of night's lucid lamps,
That ne'er before I thought so richly trimm'd
(All doubly bright; as if on purpose to
Rejoice with me), I sought my silent home:
And full of dear ideas, full of joys
That stood reflection's touch-stone, on my couch,
Soft, peaceful, and contented, laid me down.
There on the new-shut scene a pleasing while
I ruminating lay. Each melting word,
Each moving action, and each peerless grace
I scann'd afresh with growing pleasure, till
O'er all my senses gentle-handed Sleep
Diffus'd his cordial flumbers. But tho' all
My frame, devoid of strength, inactive, lay
Amid his still pavilion, wholly char'd

By the strong magic of his dewy wand,
And fable downy wings that o'er me hung;
Yet soon unrein'd imagination mock'd
His pow'r, too feeble, and to fairy fields
Of gaily pictur'd visionary bliss,
More light than zephyr flew.-----

-----It seem'd the time
When rosy blooming May sheds all her sweets
In full profusion; clothes in fine array
Rejoicing earth; wafts all her odours; pours
Out all her music; and in ev'ry breast
Enkindles all the sleeping fires of love.
'Twas then methought, when evening crimson'd all
The balmy-breathing west, that in a bow'r,
With violets edg'd, and jessamine inwove,
I with Vermina sat. Not far remov'd
From either hand a tuneful nightingale
Sat singing soft a melancholy song
Of love and woe: inspired by their lays,
The season and the place, we sigh'd, and look'd,
And talk'd our warming innocent desires,
With all the heart-felt, exquisite delight
That ever poet feign'd, or lovers knew.

Anon the scene, quick as my fancy, chang'd,
And on the mazy margin of a black,
Deep, rapid river, to my eyes unknown,
We careless wander'd. Flow'rs of every hue
Bedeck'd the banks : at each distinguish'd plot
I stopt, and cull'd the fairest, to adorn
Her braided hair, and fairer, sweeter breast.
As on we stray'd, oft on the big-swoln surge
She cast an eager eye, and keener still
Essay'd to penetrate the thick dark clouds
That seem'd to bury all the farther shore.
On the rewards of virtue much she talk'd,
And much to ponder seem'd ; till having gain'd
The hoary summit of a massy rock,
That, pointed o'er a foaming whirlpool, hung
Tremendous, she again stopt short, and bent
Her heav'n illumin'd eyes o'er the wild wave,
More fix'd, more ardent than before. I begg'd
To know the cause ; when (O mysterious Fate !)
To my unmatch'd amazement, a bright form,
Too radiant for a mortal eye, appear'd,
And over the thrice-awful precipice
Quick hurl'd her down——then into viewless air
Evanish'd. As a lump of stupid stone

I stood a barren moment : then, with grief
And rage all frantic, sought the giddy brink,
Resolv'd to follow, with my wretched life,
The only comfort of it now no more ;
When to my startled eye the gloom disclos'd,
And on the distant shore a paradise,
That language only would profane, arose :
Where amongst countless myriads, dazzling hosts
Of happy beings, my Vermina walk'd,
Ten thousand times more fair than e'er my most
Exalted fancy figur'd her before.
With a reproving frown, mixt with a smile
Celestial, she survey'd me : and forbade
The rash unpardonable deed, that would
For ever stop my entrance to those climes
Of endless glory, harmony, and love.
Meantime, behind the rock where I remain'd,
Shrill and melodious, methought, I heard
The voice of young Polinus, my dear friend,
Sweet as a vernal breath from lilies fann'd,
It hasty cry'd, " I come, I come, I come."
At which Vermina took the golden harp
That trembled by her side, and wak'd a high
Transporting strain, join'd nimbly by the whole

Exulting quires; 'till all the fragrant hills,
And flow'ry plains with the new anthem rung.
The music, far too pow'rful for the ears
Of rack'd imagination, wak'd me, with
The waking dawn in all th' unsettled air,
The hurried chaos of confounded thought.
Perplex'd and pensive all the live-long day,
In unfrequented woods I rovd alone,
Regardless whither: with returning eve
I sought the bow'r, but nothing of my love
Appear'd to calm my turbid mind. All night
My pillow was again the busy haunt
Of dreams disorder'd: to another day
Sleep gave me up unceas'd, unrefresh'd;
Dark doubts and 'boding fears beclouded all
My former gaiety, and hourly rais'd
A hundred hydra shapes before my pain'd
Internal sight. I could no longer bear
The hard, severe suspense; so was resolv'd
To see the subject of my thoughts at noon,
And or confirm or banish ev'ry fear.

Possess'd of this, I was about to leave
My unenjoy'd abode, and fly to hers,

Afraid, and yet impatient of the hour,
 When from her snowy hand a letter came.
 Alarm'd, o'erjoy'd, all in a dubious haste
 I kiss'd th' impression, sigh'd and tore it up,
 And there (O cheering sight !) still found young
 health,

Grave wisdom, goodness, and unshaken love
 Were her divine attendants. Yet 'twas but
 A half-completed comfort, (like the rest
 Of sublunary pleasures) dash'd with care.
 For to a distant villa, far remote
 From me, and from the world, I found her gone
 T' attend the last expiring moments of
 A youthful, virtuous, well-beloved friend.
 The unseen sudden step, fond, tim'rous love
 Accounted cruel : all her promises
 Of quick return, and vows to keep the day
 Appointed for our nuptials, scarcely could
 Awake my slumb'ring reason to believe
 The deed benevolent or laudable,
 Tho' half-discerners might have term'd it such.

Each murmur was in vain. Cold Absence had
 Fix'd her lean form before me ; and old Time

Could only drive the hateful hag away.
Heavy and spiritless the days roll'd on;
A fullen settl'd gloom, oft tempest-torn,
Involv'd the nights. I measur'd and I chid
The lazy moments. Relatives and friends,
Or with an ill-tim'd jeer or dry harangue
Rebuk'd my dulness. Books that wont to raise
My kindling heart to rapture, then appear'd
Insipid all. Polinus only was
(Tho' seldom present to my solitude)
The precious cordial, kind restorative,
The sweetest fother of my brooding woes.

At length the morning previous to the day
Where all my expectations grew, arriv'd,
And with it from Vermina's father brought
A wildly-glaring, doleful messenger,
The picture of his embassy. He bade
Me summon all my fortitude, and come
To pay the last sad visit to my love.
Speechless I fell; then, half-recov'ring, cry'd,
And is my life—my soul's inhabitant—
For ever gone?—He said, not yet he hop'd;
But that, last night, sick to a high degree

Of the same fever that had slain her friend,
 She was brought home: and when he left the house,
 Was worse and worse. The rest he only fear'd.
 Mad at the fellow's unconnected tale,
 That gave me such delay, without one word
 I nimbly hy'd me to the mournful place,
 The seat of tears and trouble. There, (O Heav'ns!
 How shall I e'er describe th' unequall'd scene!)
 Smiling in agony Vermina lay,
 As the mild lily or the humid rose,
 Half-broke by brawling winds, and rudely laid
 Amongst rough wounding thorns: so she appear'd:
 Meek resignation, lively hopes, and firm
 Unclouded faith sat lovely in her look.
 As silver Cynthia eyes the troubled wave,
 Swell'd by her influence, so sweetly look'd
 On me, commotion'd all, the dying fair;
 And taking up my hand she wrung it hard,
 Effaying thrice to speak the full tide
 Of lab'ring thoughts that flooded all her soul;
 And thrice her fault'ring tongue, so lately tun'd
 To harmony, refus'd its office. Oh!
 What were my feelings then; the piercing pangs
 That tore my swelling bosom? all the gems

That ever spark'd on a monarch's brow,
In purchase for the same unruff'd peace
And blooming hopes that I had lately known,
Would surely have been gain unspeakable.
At length, the fell disease, a transient while
Laid by his furious rage, and faintly he
Pronounc'd these few affecting solemn words:

- “ O Corydon! dear youth! Thou best belov'd
“ Of all beneath the stars: weep not for me.
“ Led by a bleeding Deity, I go
“ To far, far other fields, far other bow'rs
“ Than e'er our loves have known, Already all
“ Th' enliv'ning aromatic breezes meet
“ My longing spirit: all the ransom'd hosts
“ I see in shining splendours stand prepar'd
“ To hail my entrance on the blissful shore.
“ Be steady, firm, and ardent in the paths
“ Of piety and virtue: lean on Him
“ Who rear'd and rules the boundless universe,
“ And crimson'd Calv'ry's summits with his blood.
“ Then tho' forbid to bless each other here,
“ In this dim-lighted, ever-jarring world,

"We shall ere long all pure and perfect meet,
"Where death shall never, never part us more."

Few were the warm disjointed sentences
That I could utter, till she found the cold
Damp hand of Death approach. We took the last
Dear sadly-sweet embrace. Then as the sun
Leaves the bewilder'd traveller ; or as
The beamy Hesperus, departing o'er
The wood-crown'd summit of a distant hill,
She bade her friends, the world, and—me adieu.

When the first wild extravagance of grief
Had spent its ravings, and to painful dumb
Reflection turn'd, I thought upon my friend,
The wise Polinus. With unequal steps
I sought his much-lov'd presence, to pour all
My woes into his sympathetic breast.
But surely Fortune had been studying long
What way to whet her stings, and in what gulph
Of misery to dash me? O how shall
I speak the horrid word! I found him—dead—
Outstretch'd and pallid lay his stiffen'd corpse!
A sudden blow, from death's relentless arm,

In all his vernal bloom, had struck him down,
 With not a moment to solicit Heav'n
 For safe admittance there. So have I seen
 The stately mountain-pine cast down and crush'd,
 In all its glory, by the rapid flash,
 Or the fierce fury of the northern blast.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Eugenio, blame me not for having drawn
 That vail of silence o'er my suff'rings, then
 Too great to be related. Let your own
 Imagination, in her fullest pow'r,
 Unfold the cov'ring, enter aw'd, and see,
 See what I'm now from what, ah! what I was?
 O mem'ry! mem'ry! when wilt thou begone,
 And leave me to myself? when wilt thou cease
 To pull the tender strings that hold my heart,
 With such rapacious, such tormenting force?

You have a fair one too, who merits well
 Your kind regard. Perhaps a youthful friend

Posselt of the same claims is also yours ;
Yet build not there your happiness. If so,
'Twill prove a baseless fabric : and when most
It seems to tow'r, all brilliant to the view,
Strong as th' enormous sea-surrounded rock,
Will mock your hopes, and tumble down like mine,
A heap of dreary ruins.—Take the words
Of Night's Immortal sweetly-singing Bard :
“ They build too low, who build beneath the stars.”
Beware, beware of suff'ring the vain pomp,
The paultry wealth, the empty honours, and
False, fleeting pleasures of a fyren world
To captivate your mind. Oft from the gay,
Unthinking, restless, time-destroying throng,
With solitude, that wisdom-teaching maid,
Retire : she will inform your youthful heart
Of virtue ; of itself ; tame ev'ry loose
Unruly passion, and acquaint your soul
With all that's great ; with happiness and Heav'n.

STANZAS

On ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

WHO'S this that so majestic-like
Appears from Edom's land?
That more than other objects far
Mention doth command?

Whose robes, deep-dipt in crimson are,
Whose form outvies the day?
Where glories inexpressive shine,
And mildest graces play?

Who comes in strength, a matchless strength,
That holds Almighty wrath!
Binds flaming Hell, and flays the grim,
Tyrannic champion, Death?

'Tis He (myfterious, wond'rous truth !)

By whom Heav'n, Earth, Sea, Air,
And all that boundless fpace contains,
At first created were !

Who with one glance furveys the whole ;

Who rules them with a nod ;

Whom all adore, obey, and own,

As the ETERNAL GOD.

If Horeb's mountain flam'd and fhook,

When he but touch'd its head ;

What ftays the land of Edom now,

From trembling by His tread ?

It is the fweet complacent fmile,

That fits upon his face ;

His boundless love (transporting words !)

And rich, all-pow'rful grace.

These blefs with freams the barren wafte,

Make fpicy herbs to bloom ;

Make Lebanon and Carmel fill

The clouds with fweet perfume.

Hark! Heav'n's high hosts astonish'd shout,
To see their Maker stay
With sinful men, and to the seats
Of bliss prepare their way.

And should not mortals bear a part,
And with warm rapture raise
To such Beneficence a hymn
Of gratitude and praise.

And, O my soul! ne'er, ne'er forget
The darling, sacred theme;
But let thy ev'ry inmost thought
Give glory to His Name.

That when this earthly house dissolves,
Thou may'st ascend and sing
A perfect, never-ending song,
To Heav'n's ETERNAL KING.

A R B A N U S.

THE winter's day, fatigu'd with storms, was fled,
And night, still threat'ning more, began to
reign ;

The wheeling clouds, still with new vapours fed,
Drove wildly on, then burst, and pour'd again ;

Till tir'd with rage the weary winds were hush'd,
The moon peep'd wanly out, and then a star,
And by degrees the skies were cleanly brush'd,
And the light northern meteors wav'd afar.

When all alone the sage Arbanus stood,
Half leaning on the rock that roof'd his cave,
And overhang the rolling briny flood,
Whose broken waves were heard afar to rave.

Twice forty winters o'er his head had flown,
 (A head now hoary as their falling snows)
In which he many a change of life had known,
 Its honours, pleasures, heaviest cares, and woes.

Deep fix'd in pensive musing, he a while
 Seem'd each departed day afresh to scan;
Then rais'd a look all sorrowful and pale,
 To the broad moon, and sighing thus began.

Alas! for what on earth has man been form'd!
 For care, for grief, for stern disease and pain!
Like some bewilder'd vessel, tofs'd and storm'd
 Amid the surges of that foaming main.

The seeds of guilt, produce the thorns of woe,
 And both coeval with his days arise;
What then can he be ever said to know,
 But a torn bosom and o'erflowing eyes?

The seats where affluence triumphant reigns,
 Where ease and grandeur only seem to last;
Are they untouch'd by Care's entangling chains?
 Are they secur'd from Sorrow's baleful blast?

Tho' the inhabitants, round sparkling bowls,
Can hear the tempest idly rave along,
A fiercer storm oft desolates their souls,
And drives their warm defenceless passions wrong.

The scepter'd potentate, enrob'd in gold,
Rever'd and prais'd by ev'ry tongue he hears,
Is oft, by wild ambitious pride controul'd,
Or shook by anxious doubts and restless fears.

His ceremonious, complimenting court,
Seems love embraces, joy, and concord all;
Yet, ah! 'tis still the secret foul resort
Of malice, guilt, and envy, drunk with gall.

The warrior treads one hard continued round,
Of hardship, danger, toil, and rough distress;
Calm quiet, and smooth peace, are never found
Where Mars presents his frow, terrific face.

The merchant's richest hopes, built high and gay,
Are by an angry wave, or gust of wind,
Oft in a moment wholly swept away,
And fruitless murmurs only left behind.

The man of wealth, close brooding o'er his stores,
May strive to steal an hour of gentle rest;
But soon for food infatiate av'rice roars;
Again he starts to calm the rav'nous guest.

The votaries of pleasure find, amid
Their mirth and music, wine and wanton joy,
Remorse and disappointment slightly hid,
Whose poison'd stings at once the whole destroy.

Those who for bliss the maze of bus'ness run,
Involv'd for ever in perplexing cares;
To difficulties and misfortunes born,
Can never truly say the prize is theirs.

The lover cannot the rich treasure find,
Tho' surely that sweet name deserves it best;
What crouds of fears oft cloud his labouring mind?
What pangs of jealousy oft rack his breast?

The humble peasant strains his ev'ry nerve,
A coarse, a scanty pittance to procure;
Severe necessity he still must serve,
Sore piercing poverty must still endure.

Where then can real happiness be got?

Where is the blest, the highly favour'd ground?
Since in the palace or the thatched cote,
The lovely phantom's never rightly found.

She is a maid will be enjoy'd by none,
On this inclement clime of guilt and woe;
Yet there are means by which she may be won,
Some pledges of her future love to show.

Virtue, religion, these alone, I hail;
These, my unerring guides, shall lead before;
Tho' long I've fought in vain, these shall not fail
To bring me where she will be coy no more.

Then rise, my soul, 'bove pain and sorrow rise!
These to refine thy nature only giv'n;
Ere long thou'lt clasp the nymph above the skies,
Untouch'd by human hands, and chaste as Heav'n.

COLIN AND MADONA.

A N O D E.

TWAS near by the source of the Elk's
murm'ring stream,
Where, in her wild grandeur, old Nature doth seem,
High hills, brawling brooks, winding glens, and
steep rocks,
All founding with wild-fowl, and spotted with flocks.

There, near by the fall of a foaming cascade,
Madona, in balmy sweet flumbers was laid;
Her crook by her side, and her dog by her feet,
While her snowy white bosom half-open did beat.

A spreading green hazel obligingly lay,
To shade the young Nymph from the bright god of
day,

That, flaming with radiance, his zenith had gain'd,
And o'er the scorch'd landscape too potently reign'd.

While thus she lay lull'd by the hoarse falling wave,
Young Colin, fore panting, hy'd thither to bathe
In the tepid pool, that lay stretched beneath,
Deep, clear, and unruffled by one zephyr's breath.

He sought the high margin, and flung by his plaid,
Preparing to plunge, when he spy'd the fair maid;
That charmer who'd long been possess'd of his heart,
Yet never, alas! had return'd him her part.

Ah! then who can paint the young swain's attitude,
As in sweet surprize deeply fixed he stood?
A mixture of passions too hard to explain,
Warr'd in his warm bosom, each eager to reign.

Love urged him oft to embrace the sweet maid;
The thought of offending as often forbade:
Hope, fear, soft desire, and modesty true,
Alternately seiz'd him, what, what could he do?

Behind a rough rock, with green ivy o'ergrown,
Confounded, and struggling, he threw himself down,
His feelings too strong for a heart to contain,
Forth bursting to music, and this was the strain,

O Cupid, thou pitiless god! when shall I
Be able to turn thy broad shafts as they fly?
When, when shall Madona, for one single hour,
Feel what she inflicts, and acknowledge thy pow'r!

Those breasts, lips, cheeks, ringlets, and eyes, tho'
now hid,
Will hold thee, ah! ever in close ambuscade!
Yet bless the dear creature, O all ye best pow'rs!
Tho' she'll not be mine, may she ever be yours.

Ye breezes! fan gently your balm on her breast,
Sound sweeter, ye streams! and disturb not her
rest;
Ye rocks, that project o'er her head a brown awe,
Defend her from danger's rude barbarous paw.

Ye flocks, that responsively bleat from each hill,
Her slumbers with all your soft innocence fill;

Thou Elf, as thou wander'st thy journey along,
By towns, hills, and forests, still make her thy song.

Ye vallies, o'erhung with grey rocks and old
thorns,

Whenever the virgin your mazes adorns,
Prepare all your sweets, and still give her to know,
That solitude's the best companion below.

For me, tho' she scorneth, I ever will love,
And Death, only Death, shall the clear flame remove;
Remove, did I say! sure the virtuous mind,
In love shall blaze stronger when life is resign'd.

Come, all ye blest guardians, that watch o'er the
fair;

Come, witness again that my words are sincere,
And sweet to her dreams ev'ry accent convey,
My flocks call me hence, and I must—must away.

Then rising in haste, said, Madona, adieu!
She starting, cry'd, Colin, is that—is that you?—
I slept by this fountain until I'm afraid
My sheep are all scatter'd, my lambs are all stray'd.

A dream has perplex'd me : O shepherd, pray lend
Your hand, and assist me these rocks to ascend.
Then heav'd a deep sigh, and low bowed her head,
Ashamed and blushing at what she had said.

But guess the sweet transports that fill'd the gay
boy ;
That stream'd thro' each nerve in a torrent of joy ?
Her trembling white hand, with a kiss, he impress'd,
And eagerly asked what troubl'd her breast ?

O nothing, kind youth, with a smile she reply'd ;
I only was dreaming a shepherd espy'd
Me lonely and helpless, when by a deep flood,
Preparing to bathe him, half naked he stood.

And farther methought, that admiring I saw
Th' discreet modest swain on a sudden withdraw,
And lie half conceal'd, where with rapt'rous heat,
He sung a few verses enchantingly sweet.

“ And could you, Madona ! say, could you regard,
“ And love such a youth, who so gentle appear'd ? ”

Yes, yes, cry'd the virgin, my heart he hath won ;
Tho' poor is the purchase, 'tis wholly his own.

Yet dreams are deceitful : Ah! when shall I gain
So comely, so chaste, so deserving a swain ?

"Sop, stop, with your fears, and your praises too
high,

"For I'm the enraptured, fond, happy boy !"

Then be so for ever, she mildly return'd ;
I've long mark'd the greatness that in thy heart
burn'd ;

My once seeming coldness, dear shepherd, forgive,
And henceforth thy virtues shall teach me to live.

"All, all are forgiven, are in the profound
Of fable oblivion eternally drown'd !
"O Jove ! was there ever such exquisite bliss
"Pour'd round the warm heart of a mortal as this !

"Now, Fortune, thy gewgaws, thy titles, and
gems,
"Bestow where thou wilt : I have no higher aims :

“ There’s none I can envy, at nought can repine,
“ While health and the matchless Madona are mine.”

O Esk ! bring this pattern from thy infant source,
Shew it on each maze of thy lengthened course,
Then virtue thy natives shall love and extol,
And, pride of the Nations, thou honour’d shall roll.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF MARIA.

IN yonder tomb, beneath an aged thorn,
The loveliest maid that ever grac'd the vale,
Maria, she whose look outblush'd the morn,
Lies now disfigur'd, lifeless, cold, and pale.

No more the gaping croud shall gaze and cry,
There young Maria walks! a peerless fair!
No more the envious village maids need sigh,
Who pass'd unnotic'd all when she was near.

No more for her the viol shall sweetly sound;
No more with her I'll join the jocund dance;
No more, with rapture my fond heart shall bound,
At stealing a soft kiss, or side-long glance.

No more, by silver Cynthia's trembling beams,
We hand in hand shall wander thro' the groves,
Or seek the flow'ry banks of glitt'ring streams,
With all the harmless sports and smiling loves.

No more she'll sit all joyful by my side,
And hear me ardent tell my feelings o'er;
No more she'll promise to become my bride,
And fix the day—ah! never, never more!

Her's was the tender sympathetic breast;
A mind serene, wise, great, and void of ill;
To find, relieve, and comfort the distressed,
Her lib'ral hand and counsel waited still.

O surely far above the joys and fears
That chequer life, her spotless soul is gone,
Else would she stoop, in pity to my tears,
Assuage my sorrow, and console my moan.

Ye nymphs and swains, that revel o'er the mead,
For sake a while your wanton gaiety,
To plant the sweetest flow'rs where she is laid,
And weeping sing the mournful dirge with me.

For me, of joy and mirth I'll sing no more,
But like the love-lorn nightingale complain :
Ah! can that bird such melting sorrow pour !
Does that sweet word, Maria, swell his strain !

No more I'll laugh, and drain the social glass ;
Henceforth, ye sons of pleasure all, adieu :
By her I'll stretch me on the hallow'd grass,
And wet each slender pile with briny dew.

And oft, at midnight dark, when others sleep,
I'll seek the dreary mansion of my love ;
Unwearied there alone I'll sigh and weep,
And make Maria ring thro' ev'ry grove.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT Juno stood and look'd a while
Down on a Nymph in Britain's isle,
Then turn'd about, in rage and hurry,
Her heav'nly looks all chang'd to fury,
And cry'd, "Come here, you Venus, Pallus;
"Come here, and listen what my will is."

They bowing came: she frowning said,
"How dare you lavish on yon maid
"Such store of charms: all both you have,
"In that one mortal seem to live;
"Look there, she far eclipses both,
"And thinks to rival me in troth!
"Go quickly, half these sweets recal,
"And give to those have none at all.
"My thund'rer else will leave my charms,
"And fly incog into her arms,

“ As by your madnefs, to his fhame,
“ He did to a Phœnician Dame.”

They were preparing to reply,
When Diana approached nigh,
And faid, “ Great Emprefs of the fkies,
“ Why roll in wrath your radiant eyes;
“ Fear not the maid : I’ll keep her chafte,
“ As fnows that Phœbus never preft,
“ Till Hymen claim her as his own,
“ Ev’n then my pow’r fhall ftill be fhewn;
“ A pow’r, that ev’n the mighty Jove,
“ With all his art fhall never move.”

Then Cupid, laughing, rofe and ran,
Prepar’d his bow, and cry’d “ Then what I can }
“ I’ll do, to get my Annie Hay a Man.”

S O N N E T

TO

E V E N I N G.

SOL'S now with Thetis, Queen of the blue deep;
He sweetly slumbers heaving on her breast;
The breezes all have fann'd themselves asleep,
And all around seems lull'd in peaceful rest,

Save Philomela. From yon dew-wet grove,
In heartfelt strains, she chants her mournful tale;
And I, who here, oppress'd with sorrow, rove,
And spread my wailings thro' the list'ning vale.

O what can bring the troubled mind repose?
Alas! can tranquil Nature give me rest?

SONNET TO MORNING. III

A passion in my breast for Celia glows,
And, O! without her I can ne'er be blest,
Celia, whose virtues claim the highest praise,
Celia, for whom I tune my rustic lays.

SONNET

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

TIS not the rosy freshness of your cheek,
Nor sparkling eyes, nor lips divinely sweet;
'Tis not your snow-white breast, nor iv'ry neck,
Nor faultless form that's ev'ry way compleat.

They have their force, a force that's unconfin'd,
But 'tis not that which captivates my soul:
No, 'tis the solid beauties of your mind,
That all my wond'ring inward pow'rs controul.

Like Phœbus, shining thro' a fleecy cloud,
Stain'd with mild Spring's warm blushes, these ap-
pear,
And tho' those only strike th' admiring croud,
These are th' unfullied charms that enter here.

•

Those, like the flow'r or cloud, shall fade apace;
These, like the diamond's or the sun's bright rays,
Amid the dross of woes, the wint'ry face
Of Age, or gloom of Death, shall strongly blaze,
And ever feed in me a pleasing flame,
Pure in itself, and purer made by them.

A C R O S T I C.

To MR. G—— K——

G ay flow'ry hopes, my friend, oft to the view
E nchanting seem of such a youth as you,
O n whom a thorn of care ne'er fell, nor one
R ough gust of sorrow blew, to force a groan.
G ay tho' they may appear, yet think, that soon
E ach may be blasted, crush'd, and shatter'd down.

K now where you place them, if you'd wish t' a-
void

E xcess of pain, by seeing them destroy'd.
N or on long life, nor pleasure's false caress,
N or wealth, nor honour, build your hopes of bliss.
E ndeavour, while the passions pliant are,
D uly to yield them to wise Reason's care :
Y ield all to Heav'n, and hope for ever there.

R r

ACROSTIC.

Roar not so loud, ye waves, while I convey
O'er to my native clime this heart-felt lay.
By you, from my dear friends, and that dear shore,
Excluded is my frame, but nothing more ;
Remaining there's my better part, my soul,
That spark of heav'nly flame, that mocks controul.

In thee, O green Hibernia ! may sweet peace,
Rich plenty, love and friendship never cease :
Virtue for aye thy blooming dames defend,
Inspiring courage still thy sons attend ;
Nursing the Arts and Sciences, still be
Great as Britannia, and as blest as she.

SCOTTISH PIECES.

EPISTLE TO WILLIE,

AFTER HE HAD BECOME A MINER.

DEAR Willie lad, how hast a' been
Sin' last I fat thee o'er the green?
Aft side by side, we twa hae gane
Fu' blyth, and kind;
An' mony a pledge o' friendship ta'en.
Wi' honest mind,

Thou was to me like ony brither;
The verra offspring o' mi' mither,
An' weel we loo'd to be together,
I' youthfu' days;
But now we're frae ane anither,
O wal-a-ways!

Nae mair we meet aneath the hill,
Owr a fu' mug o' reaming yill,
The harmless funnie joke to tell,
Or the queer 'sploys,
That night's mirk blanket doth conceal,
Frae ither boys.

Nae mair we sing wi' tearfu' e'e,
The ghaist o' hosier on the sea ;
Or, *Mary, weep nae mair for me ;*
Or, *Wolfe's lament ;*
Or, *the young Moor's distress, when he*
'S frae Zida rent.

Nae mair we by the biel hud-nook,
Sit hale fore-sippers owr a book,
Strivin' to catch, wi tentie look,
Ilk' bonny line,
Till baith our kittelt fauls flee up
Wi' fire divine.

O then, how flew the gowden hours,
The vera wale o' joy ware ours,
I thought them firm as muckle tow'rs ;
 But, to my cost,
They're gane frae me, like feckless flow'rs
 Afore the frost.

Wi' dool an' care I now my lane
Maun rug through life wi' mony a grane,
For honest frien's, true-heartet nane,
 I fin' like you,
Their hearts are cauld as onie stane,
 That winna thowe,

Ye aiblins ma' hae met wi' some,
Will tell ye plain without a hum,
That what misfortunes e'er ma' come,
 They'll friends be willing ;
But nane mair faithfu' sure then Tom,
 He'll wad a shilling.

Tho' shillings aft wi' him are scarce,
Whilk wi' sma' grief he can rehearse,
Sae lang's the muse a single verse
Will deign t' send 'im;
Fortune ma' flap them i' her a—e,
It's ne'er offend 'im.

Braw mither Nature, sweet and bonny,
Flings a' her charms abreed t' ony,
Far, far afore corruptet money,
T' me they shaw,
Or a' the mawh o' pleasures puny,
That frae it fa',

Weel pleas'd I see the simmer morn,
Whan funnie beams the braes adorn,
Whan birds are liltin' on ilk' thorn,
An' heather cove;
An' meeting burnies dannirin' down
The craiggy howe.

Weel pleas'd I dander out at noon,
An' hear the dancin' cowdas croon,
An' lammies (like to wear their shoon
Sae fond o' play)
That gar the glens ring wi' their tune
The lee-lang day.

Weel pleas'd I at the doup o' e'en,
Slide cannie ovr the heugh alane,
Whare a' that's either heard or seen,
Is loove an' peace,
An' innocence, that weel might wean
The warst frae vice.

Ev'n gurly Winter's nipping storms,
Whan nought is seen but shapeless forms,
'To me displays far greater charms,
Than a' the cash
The miser hugs within his arms,
Wi' endless fash.

Sae, Willie lad, ne'er fash ye're thum',
Tho' Fortune she ma' glunch and gloom,
An' turn about to you 'er bum,
 Wi' stinkin' pride;
Let something better ever come
 Close by ye're side.

Ye ance ye'r sel cou'd Nature scan,
An' paint 'er warks, ay like a man;
For aft ye're tow'rin' fancy ran
 Owr mony a height;
Quite thro' the universal plan,
 Wi' eagle-flight.

But eager, eager still for mair,
O' your indulgent mither's lear,
Nae searhing pains ye yet wad spare,
 But 'neath the lade
O' hills, now rifles a' her ware,
 Wi' pick an' spade.

But whan ye cower and howk fae howe,
Till art can scarce gar can'les lowe,
Let aft thae dreary hames allow

A serious pause;

Think on the grave's voracious mou',

An' horrid jaws.

Yet that advice I needna gi'e,

Ye better ken't ye'rsel than me;

Ye'r erran' was new scenes to see

An' sense to gather;

An' fure ye're eydent as a bee

'Mang bloomin' heather.

Ye now need nought o' Edward's fang*,

To paint out midnight, right, an' wrang,

Owr whilk I've heard ye lecture lang,

Baith wae an' fain;

Now Night wi' a' her teachin' thrang

Is aye ye'r ain.

S f

* Young's Night Thoughts.

Sen' me the volume (ance design'd)
To quash a wee my rovin' mind,
An' gar me ferious be inclin'd,
An' I f'all ever
Count you a boy as true and kind
As fail me never.

Meantime I'll sen' ye nae palaver
O' compliment, an' double claver,
But only say I never waver
In loove to you ;
But now my hand begins to baver,
Adieu, adieu.

T. S.

THE

THREE AULD MEN.

TWAS on a cauld November e'en,
When night her shadows did convey,
The snell frost-win' made nebs an' een
To rin right fair;
An' snaw in spitters aft was drean
Amang the air.

Whan ilk ane by the ingle cheek
Cours down, his frozen shins to beek,
Th' auld fodger careless o' the reek,
Aft at the wa',
Sits telling wonders droll and deep,
To please them a'.

'Twas then in a wee cantie cote,
An auld gudeman an' wifie, fat,
Fu' happy wi' ilk ithers chat,
 They seem'd to be;
For nane was ne'er them but a cat,
 An' collies three.

Indeed they ware an honest pair,
As ever earn'd the warl's gear;
The bairns worn up, an' frae them far,
 By fortune ta'en;
Some ovr the seas, some married ware,
 Some dead an' gane.

Sax sooms o' sheep ware a' their flock,
That gaed amang the master's flock;
Twa ky, twa stirks, nine hens, a cock,
 A wee bit groun',
To fet red-cail, an' saw a lock
 Lint-feed upon.

The names o' this douce, decent kiple
 Were Robin Routh and Marion Mickle,
 Wha baith contentetlie did pickle
 Out o' ae pocke,
 An' e'en grown ripe for Time's auld fickle,
 Without a joke.

M A R I O N.

O what a bitter day we've had,
 For you I was grown unco rad,
 Ye stay't fae late; but now I'm glad
 That ye're come hame.
 I think the night's nae ha'f fae bad
 'S the day has been.

R O B I N.

I think 'tis ill enough yet, Marion,
 About my flocks I maun be carin;
 I left them, poor things, cauld an' blarin',
 Ayont the mofs,
 An' gin they're starvt 'twill be a fair an'
 A heavy los.

But we'll commit them a' together,
To the guid ruler o' the weather,
An' yet be blythe wi' ane anither,
Fetch peats galore;
For I expect auld Simon hither,
To crack an hour.

As thus they couthy fat their lane,
He enters in wi' a Guid-e'en;
Ahint him Arthur o' the Green,
Leant ovr a staff,
Wha had fourscore o' winter's seen,
An' maist a ha'f.

Quo' Robin, Sirs, how last ye baith?
Quo' Sim, I darna plean o' fkaith:
Quo' Arthur, 'deed I will be laith
To fay I'm ill,
Altho' my ilka member faith,
I'm unco frail.

MARION.

Sit down, sit down; and binna nice,
To try the kebucke; in a trice
I'll mak' a rowfin' fire o' rice,
Guid peats an' coals,
S'all heat the house, and gar the mice
Cheep i' their holes.

ARTHUR.

Ay, we f'all try't: but weel I wat
We've just as little need o' it,
As cats o' sun-shine, or the cart
O' a third wheel.
Come, Robin, man, what news o' late
Ha'e got to tell?

ROBIN.

The feck o' what I hae e'enow
Ye'll fin' i' ilka bodies mou;
Sair wark 'mang Frenchmen, an', O wow!
What black mischief
'S gaun on at hame, to fill us fu'
O' equal grief.

What squads o' chieks at night aft meet,
To drink an' quarrel wi' the state,
'Bout this an' that they scaul' an' fret,
An' fay they're wrang't;
Then swear they'll hae things their ain gaet,
Or else be hang't.

But trowth, atweel there's mony a ane,
That makes a most confoundet din
'Bout Reformation, disna ken
The least about it,
But just 'cause it's the common tune,
They jingle at it.

Wad they wha think they're men o' sence,
But luik a wee glif ovr to France,
An' see what havock an' mischance
The like has bred,
Nae mair they surely wad advance
'Bout sic a trade.

SIMON.

Odd man, I think wi' ha'f an e'e
A body may th' oppreffion fee;
We're scorn'd, we're tax'd most bitterlie,
An' brought right hum'le:
I wat na wha the plague he'd be
That wadna grum'le.

For scarce ae thing o' ony fort,
Or for necessity or sport,
We now can get but by the court
Is tax'd fae fair,
That we maun pay the double for't,
An' aft far mair.

I've seen, whan wark began to fail,
The poor man cou'd have ment a meal,
Wi' a hare-bouk or sa'mon tail,
But let him try
To catch them now, and in a jail
He's forc'd to lie.

The very light o' day, that sure
I thought was free to rich an' poor,
We now maun pay for : sic a pow'r
Nane else governs,
Or lang 'twill claim dominion ower
Baith moon and starns.

I've heard our minister compare
This warld to a grit town or fair ;
But never heard him say that there
Was toll or stop,
At ilka en', for fouks to clear
As is fet up.

ROBIN.

Ay, ay, I un'erstan' ye, frien',
But winna just wi' you complain,
Ye shaw the foul and hide the clean,
But tent ye this,
They're baith in ilka kintry seen
Gif right I gues.

That we are taxt I own; but then
Consider how we're payt again,
A' kinds o' wark, baith out an' in,
Was nought till now;
An' then sic fees were never gi'en
Afore, I trow.

Nane that hae health, their han's an' head,
Need i' the least bi' pincht o' bread,
Ilk ane's encourag'd in his trade,
Gif he plays fair;
The sick are nurs't, the poor are fed
Wi' matchless care.

To murmur fae there's nae occasion,
Wad grit an' sma' i' ilka station,
Compare wi' ony other nation
Their present case,
They'd fin' no ane i' the creation
Sae fu' o' blifs.

THE THREE AULD MEN.

They're ower fu' hadden a' by far,
 That winna settle as they are,
 But, faith, they'll soon be ten times ware,
 Gif up they force
 A bluidy plund'ren civil war,
 A kingdom's curse.

Religion, peace, an' plenty then
 Will a' gae heels-ower-head, that's plain;
 The vera laws, no worth a pin,
 Will by them hurl,
 An' Guid-kens whan they'll come again
 To bless the warl.

S I M O N.

The laws, guid-trouth, just now, I say,
 Are nae grit things for a' the fray;
 The heaviest purse aft gains the day,
 Whan't f'ou'd na be;
 An' gif that's justice or fair-play
 It's no for me.

ROBIN.

Think what ye talk, I tell you, Sim;
For tho' a plea be past fae flim,
It's no the law that ye maun blame,
But crafty scribes,
That aft abus't wi' that curst scheme
O' taking bribes.

ARTHUR.

Hout, hout! hae done, ye'll never gree,
Tho' sient-haet ye'll make o't I see;
Let me be thirds-man and I'll gi'e
My mind at ance;
'Tis fou'k s'ou'd a reformed be,
Frae slave to prince.

A' kinds 'o vice are grown fae rife,
I' kirk an' state, and private life;
Frien'ship an' love are turnt to strife,
I' maist o' places,
An' without gowd, lad, lass, an' wife
Are scant o' graces.

Wow firs! the days that I hae seen
Gars fa't back-water fill my een;
How hae we danct on field or green,
 Ilk lad his deary!
Wha on his bosom aft wad lean,
 Fair, chaste, an' cheery,

Nae pride there was i' thae auld days,
Nae ball-rooms glancin in a blaze,
But haughs set aff wi' funny rays,
 Did fair the turn,
An' liquor that nae brains cou'd craze,
 Ta'en frae the burn.

Now some hale nights at gam'lin' stay,
An' thraw their fauls an' means away;
The wanton mask leads some astray
 A black rough gate;
While some clean witcht rin to the play,
 That sinfu' cheat.

O what debauches fill the lan',
Luft, felf an' fauce, gae han' in han',
Som' diel has got the hale comman'
O' this poor kintry,
Affifted by the trash-like ban'
O' upstart gentry.

R O B I N.

Na, Arthur, dinna be fae rude,
I really own fouks are na good,
But how wad ye be un'erftood,
'Bout gentry there?
They're furely fome unlucky brood
Where'er they are.

S I M O N.

Stop, Robin, liften an' I'll tell ye;
I think I hae a guefs on't gaylie,
The farmers man is what the wylie
Auld carl wad mean?
What think ye, is-na this the ill aye
That gars him plain.

ROBIN.

Na, Sim ; gin ye'll gie me the gate o't,
I'll think an' say baith, that ye're cheatet,
The trades-men beaus wi' pride fae heatet,
Wi' poortith squeezez,
Are wha he has fae cleanly skittiet,
An' roughly teazt.

For luik an' see how they appear,
Like lords o' state, at kirk or fair,
Fouk trusts them to bi' fu' o' gear,
But rot their bouks,
For monie a ane's whipt in a snare,
By their fause looks,

Last week I saw ane yont his Grace,
For silk an' fattin frills and lace,
Wi' wine he treat a smirkin las,
Yet, O the cheat !
Was glad to dinner for a' this
On peal-an'-eat.

A vaunty chap comes to the town,
And shines awa' to a' aroun',
He'll pass worth twa 'r three hunder poun',
An' foon he's marriet,
Then out comes a', an' ovr the crown,
In debt he's buriet.

He reaves his wife o' cash an' claes,
Then takes leg-bale, an' aff he gaes,
An' in some distant place, wi' ease
Plays the same smirl,
O firs! there's mony a ane o' these
Now i' the warl'.

. S I M O N .

Ay, but the farmers, Guid be here!
How do they drink, an' rant, an' swear,
An' fu' o' pride, gab ovr their gear,
An' what they'll raise;
I've seen this time ha'f-dizen year
Quite other days.

U u

Their bob-tail ewes is a' their storry ;
In them they put their chiefest glory ;
But yet tho' poverty shou'd worrie,
Or starve us quite,
To lawe their price they will be forry,
Ae singe doit.

Nane's now for poor fouks, nane ava ;
Now ilk auld ewe's the price o' twa :
Which gars them croufly owr us craw,
Oppressive rair ;
The pith o' goud fure soon'll blaw
Them Guid-kens where.

But, hooly, I needna fay fae ;
The feck o' them, where'er ye gae,
Live upsides wi' their towmant's pay,
To self fae kind ;
Braw's horse, boot, whup, spur, bowl, cup, tea,
An' a' that's fine.

The feck o' them, fae upish grown,
The like o' me they'll har'ly own,
But geck their head, an' gester on,
 An' fou'd they speak,
They wi' a jeer, or crabit frown,
 Set up their beek.

But yet the day or lang may light,
Whan matters will be judged right;
We've aften heard auld Luckie Weight,
 Tell to us a',
(The proverb true) that near a height,
 Was near a fa'.

A R T H U R.

Deed, lads, frae me ye've ta'en the wark,
Sic causes o' my grief to mark;
Thae needs reform, I think: but, hark!
 The ha'f 's no' said;
There's thousan's yet, no' vera dark,
 That's just as bad.

The best reform that I wad wis,
 An' what wad bring the greatest blis,
 Wad be that they wad glory less
 I' their pollution;
 That fits them nearer than to his
 The Constitution.

But I cou'd wagger twa to ane,
 Gif they sic manners dinna men'
 Some awfu' scourge soon Heav'n will sen',
 Will surely quash them,
 An' gin it dinna be their en',
 It fair will fash them.

M A R I O N.

The Guid watch ower us, firs! what's a'
 This flyting wark about ava,
 In ilk ane's back ye fin' a gaw;
 But luik at hame,
 An' ye'll fin' mony a rotten flaw,
 That they might blame.

Just thro' the piece tak Yeadie's race,
An' point out ane wi' a clean face,
Then I fal' whisht, an' let ye chace,
An' tell ilk ailment,
But, otherwise, or I embrace,
There's be a skailment.

This argue aiblins might hae hauden,
Till they ilk ither had been dauden,
But sowens, Marion had been scaudin,
Was then fet down,
Sae ilk auld Billie chang'd his bad-ane,
For a horn-spoon.

THE
BAD EFFECTS
OF
DRINKING*.

N^AE mair I am the merry lad,
Wi' gleesom fangs to mak ye glad;
Ye little ken how grievt an' fad
 Just now I sit,
An' e'en the pen dow har'ly haud
 To write a bit.

Aye sin' that luckless day, when folly
Did seek the door on melancholy,
When to the mem'ry o' a billie
 I reart a stane,
An' you a' thrang wi' matters hally,
 Just maist the same.

* When ——— Church was rebuilt your Author and a number of others met to replace some of the grave-stones that had been removed during the building, where Whisky, that foe to melancholy, was too plentifully drunk, which occasioned the following Epistle, addressed to some of the persons concerned in that misconduct.

O how my verra bosom bleeds,
To think on that day's foolish deeds,
The muse, now clad in fable weeds,
 Cries at my han',
Nae guid will e'er light on the heads
 O' sic a ban'.

Think, think, ye pack o' worthless wretches!
Think on ye'r black infamous breaches;
In that polluted kirk now preaches
 Ilk injur'd spirit,
That grinin' stawks amang the niches,
 What's your demerit!

This, that shall pray'r's house be ca'd,
To Bacchus ye've a temple made,
An', honouring him, ye've here been led,
 By drunken lust,
An' geers an' scoffs ye've only paid
 To precious dust.

344 THE BAD EFFECTS OF DRINKING.

Now, brithers in the faut, me hear,
And with a bardie drap a tear,
An' dinna stamp, an' curse an' fwear,
An' rin rid wood ;
I'm free o' brandie, gin, or beer,
An' ca'm's my blood.

Tho' that day (O were 't blottet out
Frae 'mang the lave) without dispute,
I was e'en leigher than the brute,
Bris'd down wi' liquor,
While some of you, that seem mair stout,
War little better.

Yet senses still in me abide,
Tho' brandie or the deil them hide,
While wi' reproaches ye did lade
Me fairer down,
'Cause mair in drink I cou'dna wade,
Myfel to drown.

But happy he wha can in drink
Soon on his elbow nod an' wink,
An' a wee glif in death to fink

(Just fae to speak)

Afore he nearer gain the brink
O' Tophet's deep.

But brag o' drinkin' whare ye will,
An' pride yerfels, yerfels to kill,
Commen' me to a bubblin' rill,

'Mang gowans teazt;

Tak' ye the chappin or the gill,
An' I'll be pleas't.

Yet I maun own it whiles does guid,
To raife to life lethargic bluid,
Giff time an' place be understood,

An' cannie us't

An' no wi' hot intemp'rance rude
Sae fair abus't.

X x

346 THE BAD EFFECTS OF DRINKING.

Then, then it bides nae langer civil,
But rages fu' o' ilka evil,
An' sen's its vot'ries to the devil,
Far, far below,
Whare keen despair s'all mak' them grieve ill,
An' aking woe.

But now the muse maun quat her sang,
Lest ye s'oud ca't a dull harangue,
Yet hear twa words afore she gang,
Tak thought, be serious ;
For Bacchus' joys ye'll fin', or lang,
A' toom chimeras.

Life's but a sea o' cares and troubles,
Its pleasures a' but empty bubbles,
Yet, lads, they're still the greatest nobles,
Are free o' greed ;
It macksnae whether crowns or cobles
Get them their bread.

THE BAD EFFECTS OF DRINKING. 347

O may we never for the future,
'Bout sic a wark hae cause to mutter,
But ilka passion strive to tutor
 To nobler en's,
An' ilk anc turn fair virtue's suiter,
 An' a' liel frien's.

B R I T A I N.

A P O E M.

O RAMSAY! king o' rhyming men,
Wad thy renowned Muse descen',
And o' her ancient fire but len'
 Me a wee skair,
My sang sou'd now gar hill an' glen
 Resounding rair.

Gin I were thus inspir'd, wi' ease
Auld Britain 'yont the cluds I'd heeze,
Tho' fame already, in a bleeze,
 Has blawn her high,
I'd sen' her other ten degrees
 Mair near the sky.

'I'd gar the fouks that live aboon,
The bodies that bide in the moon,
A' listen, an' look wond'rin' down,
The Dame to see!
Then dance like daft, unto the tune,
An' sing't wi' me!

Whene'er I clim' a Scotian height,
Whilk ovr the lave comman's a fight,
I rowe wi' ever new delight
My een aroun;
Syne, ere I wate, I'm lost outright
In joy profoun'.

Jove furely had contrivt a wee,
In what blest spat thy ille sou'd lie;
For fure its nowther birslet by
The sun ovr fair,
Nor starvt aneath a winter sky,
But right t' a hair.

My heart a' dunts when I recal
Thy greatness i' the days o' aul',
E'en whan rude darkness fill'd ilk faul,
Yet how they raise,
Like lions, fiery, swift an' baul'
Upo' their faes.

E'en some o' thy unequall'd lan',
Whare hills like Heav'n's strang pillars stan',
Rough Mars himsell cou'd never maun,
Wi' a' the crew
O' groosom chaps he cou'd comman',
Yet to subdue.

As Phœbus his mirk night-bed lea's,
Sae cannie, bit an' bit, thou raise,
Grit industry came ovr the seas,
Thee blythly wooin',
An' said, while he had arts to please,
He wad be looin'.

Then for clean cleadin', fast an' braw,
Thou flang the bluidie skin awa,
Crapes fill'd ilk howm, ilk brae an' shaw
 Buir stately trees;
An' mony a bonny glancin' ha'
 An' garden raise.

Nae mair a rive o' gait, or fowl,
Ha'f rough, ha'f roastet on a coal,
But guid firloin, an' a fu' bowl,
 'Roun' whilk thegither,
Aft social Billies, wise an' cool,
 Sat learnin' ither.

Whare Thetis soops thy shores wi' brine,
An' whare thy blue deep rivers twine,
Soon muckle towns ware feen to shine,
 Strang, rich an' braw,
Whare arts and sciences divine
 Astonisht a'.

Then trade an' plenty, out an' in,
Fillt the blythe neeves o' ilka ane;
While Commerce spread a jovial din,
Roun' a' thy shores;
An' Neptune's very fides gart grane
Wi' foreign stores.

An' if a nation did but mint
To wrang thee ought; like fire frae flint,
Thy heroes thun'erin' ovr the bent,
Or yieldin' billows,
Soon gart them a' luik wae an' blunt,
Poor shabby fellows!

Now, 'mang thy tenant seas those lies,
(That seem to kiss the laughin' skies)
Wi' scorn thou thy proud foes defies,
Wi' ilka wile;
While a' the warl' still, still envies
Thy happy Isle.

Thy bosom is a coozie biel,
Whare a' that's loosome we may feel;
And tho' thy haffets whiles, like meal,
Seem white an' auld;
Yet then thy breath can please me weel,
Blawn healthy cauld.

Let other kintries brag their mines
O' glitterin' stanes, their fruits an' wines,
Auld Britain ne'er a bit repines,
But crouse an' canty,
Can fit an' let them count their gains,
While she has plenty.

Plenty o' thae, that she has either
By her strang arm securt thegither,
Or others blythely barter with 'er
For better gear:
An' routh o' what they'll never gather,
Nor maun to rear.

An' then they a' may gape an' glowr,
An' vainly try to match the store
O' warlike fire, genius, or lore

Thy sons inherit ;
E'en grey-fac'd Greece, i' days o' yore,
Had nae sic merit.

Afore thy lassies they may a'
Gae cast their caps, ay, clean awa';
It is nae prejudice ava

Gars me fay fae ;
For fure like them, on earth's grit ba',
They'll fin' nae mae.

O gods! what charms in them aboun'?
Your heav'n o' sweets aye there is foun';
The loves an' graces sportin' roun',
The verra fight,
Dirls a' ane's heart, fyne melts it down
In warm delyt!

Neck, waift, an' limbs, fae trim an' tight ;
Breasts, ilk ane a faft fnawy height,
Een like twa fifter ftarns o' night,
 Cheeks, rofes blawn ;
An' red-ripe lips, that furely might
 Jove's kifs comman'.

Forby a flock o' namelefs graces,
That wanton aye amang their trefles,
An' thoufan's mae in ither places,
 As fweet an' fair ;
Yet think they're no juft bonny cafes,
 An' naething mair.

Na: they hae fauls, and fauls right clever,
Gay wit an' wifdom twint thegither,
An' tender feeling hearts, that ever
 To love incline ;
Sae they, but flattery or claver,
 Seem a' divine.

O Britain! wha withouten pleasure
Can tent thy fame, thy pith an' treasure,
That really out o' boun's or measure
Adorn thy lan'!
An' fin' they've a' been rais't wi' leisure,
They'll surely stan'.

Yet here is something 'yont a' this,
Whilk a' thy bairns will ever bless,
Young Liberty, that bonny miss,
Sweet in ilk feature,
Wha Yaedie's sons wad a fain kiss,
Gin they cou'd get 'er.

Ye Pow'rs wha rule aboon the air!
O hear a bardie's fervent pray'r,
Auld Britain aye wi' this same skair
O' bleffin's crown!
An' gin ye like to gi'e her mair
Ye'r will be done!

Jan. 4th 1792.

AN
E P I S T L E

FROM

MR. J O H N J O H N S T O N E.

DEAR Tom, I can nae langer pafs ye,
I' the North ye ftay fae lang;
Trowth I fear fome bonie laffie
'S gi'en ye'r youthfu' heart a twang.

It maun be fae; ay, I'fe uphaud ye
Owr the lugs i' love to be;
Sure there's naething elfe that wad ye
Keep frae langing frien's an' me.

Ance, ye mine, I loo't the mufes,
Still I like them wonder weel;
Yet I'm ane that never chufes
Up Parnaffus far to fpeel.

Here's a wee bit tale I fe fen' ye,
Drest in hame-spun Scottish rhyme,
O' ye'r love twill owther men' ye,
Or a wee deceive the time.

Sol o'er westlin hills was glowrin',
Sinking into Thetis' lap,
Birds and beasts to beds were courin',
A' to take their nightly nap.

It was na fae wi' Tamie Louder,
He for scornfu' Ann did green
Love had gi'en his heart a scouder,
Wide and wakerife ware his een.

Slawly frae his hame he wanners,
Slawly, slawly climbs a brae,
Whare nae tell-tale echo mauners,
Ance to mock him when fae wae.

Syde his stockings hang ungarter'd,
Greazy was his locks and gray;
And his fark tail too, a part on't,
Scorn'd within his breeks to stay.

Thrice owre did he dight the water,
Dropping down his cheeks and beard,
Thrice owr Annie's name did blatter,
Syne sank heartless on the yerd.

Clocks and paddocks roun' him hapet,
Wae to see the lad fae spent,
While out this sad tale he fobbet,
Grooflins on the cauldride bent.

" Annie, Annie! what's the matter!

" Are ye gaun to be my death?

" Sure nae lad can like ye better?

" Na, I'fe free to gie my aith.

" Aften have I cross'd the heather,

" Plashin' thro' baith thick and thin,

" Glad wi' you aye to forgether,

" Now ye scorn to let me in.

" This has dung my senses frae me,

" This has broke my heart quite through,

" Gars me, since ye winna hae me,

" Tawke and dream for aye o' you.

" Late and air I ance was bizzy,
" Cleeking cafh frae ilka han',
" Now, quite thowless, doilt and lazy,
" At the bench I downa stan'.

" Ance I was a fat fark fallow ;
" Few like me cou'd putt a ftane ;
" Now I've nowther flefh nor tallow,
" A' my fap and fufhon's gane.

" Night and day I fret quite reftlefs,
" Canna light on peace ava ;
" Ilka joy in life's turn'd taftelefs ;
" Annie ye're the wyte o't a'!

" Ye'll hae nane but farmer Davie,
" Fient a corfe atweel has he ;
" Frae ftarvation nought 'll fave ye,
" Sometime ye'll find this nae lie.

" Loks! ye'r foresight maun be fhallow ;
" Will nae telling gar you men' ?
" Sic a drucken, drefly fallow
" Soon 'll a your tocher fpen'.

“ When that mony a hungry wamie,
“ Roun’ ye fails for want o’ bread,
“ Than ye’ll think o’ thrifty Jamie,
“ Wha aneath the sod lies dead.

“ Now wi’ pain and grief fae laden,
“ Soon I’ll glut the greedy grave,
“ Oh! in youth owr soon I’fe fadin’,
“ Hard-hearted Annie winna save!”

Sic was Jamie’s dolefu’ ditty;
Had his Annie but been near,
Sure the damsel, mov’d wi’ pity,
Wad hae tried his heart to chear.

Now, poor chiel! he dought nae langer
Bide the gurly blasts o’ Night,
Hameward straight he try’d to flanger,
But his mind was far frae right.

Now, my frien’, I hope ye are na
Just infang’t i’ love fae fair?
Gin ye be, I really darna
Say we’ll ever see ye mair.

Z z

Be na angry at this haver,
It is a' but frien'ly fun,
Sic as we, whan blest thegither,
Us't to pass a joke upon.

Heav'n aye mak ye blyth an' happy,
Gi'e o' sense a muckle stock,
Sen' ye soon to try the nappy,
Wi' ye'r hum'le servan' Jock.

TO

MR. JOHN JOHNSTONE

On receiving the above EPISTLE.

August 4th, 1793.

DEAR FRIEND,

TO drookit yerbs on' flow'rs how sweet the fun,
Whan first he glances ovr the eastlin braes?
How sweet the show'r that i' the afternoon
Slockens their drouth, an' cleans anew their claes?

Sweet to the son o' Bacchus is the glafs,
Sweet to the epicure the fav'ry cates;
An' sweet the kifs that frae the rosy lafs,
The longing shepherd steals afore the wats.

Yet may I now be lounder't wi' a kent,
By some wild chiel, unmercifu' an' strang,
Gif unto me, here dan'rin' owre the bent,
As sweet an' welcome is na your qucer sang.

364 TO MR. JOHN JOHNSTONE.

Ye tell me that ye'r fure I'm drownt i' love ;
Na, na, I'm naething that way owre far gane,
Tho' here are maids whase charms might surely
move

A breast o' timmer an' a heart o' stane.

Ay, lad, the North, fae tauntet an' run down
By fouthern Billies, wants na ilka where
The wale o' lassies, that, I'fe wad a crown,
Can match wi' theirs in ought that's gude or fair.

An' here's a bonny kintrie ; nought like what
The haughty crabbet * Johnson gars ane trow :
He says, 'tis a' a poor bare barren spat ;
But that I find 's confoundet nonsense now.

A' yet I've seen, frae Tintock's grassy fide
To whare Benlomond keps, an' cleaves the cluds,
An' 'tween the firth o' Forth, an' mouth o' Clyde,
'S weel plenish't wi' braw towns, rich craps, an'
woods.

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Here's walth o' gear an' glee on ilka han',
An' walth o' Kirks, an' Schools o' mony a fort;
An' walth o' witty chaps. wha freely can
Drink waught about wi' ye o' red lifie port.

Yet, after a', I wad be blythe an' fain
To see a wheen leel heartet frien's like you,
An' stray on Esk's green banks an' howms again,
But teaglin' bus'ness winna yet allow.

Fowk canna aye get juist what they wad hae,
Yet d'ye na think that's ae grit luck however;
For ware't the contrair but for ha'f a day,
The warl' wad a' gang taper-tail thegither.

The kings o' Europe now wad wifs to thraw
The French unto their minds like a green willy,
The Gauls wad wifs their Mightinesses a'
Ware wi' their craigs aneath their desp'rate gully.

The thrawn-fac't politicians, now as thick
I' mony spats as paddocks in a pool,
Wad aften in a jiffie to auld Nick
Sen' ane anither dunnerin' faul an' hool.

366 To MR. JOHN JOHNSTONE.

The miser wad be for hale hills o' gowd,
An' nane to see or touch them but himsel;
While some wad like they a' to wine ware thow'd,
Whare they might rair, an' sing, an' drink at will.

The Doctor wad hae healthy fouk right scant;
The Merchant aye wad hae them hale an' braw;
The Lawyer rowth o' clients rich wad want;
The Rogues wad wifs there ware nae laws ava.

The Belles an' Beaus, loks! how to wark they'd
gang,
Wi' reeving noses, lips, een, waists, legs, feet;
Ilk ane wad change a thousan' shapes or lang,
Yet still wad want a something mair complete.

The hempie son, to get his horns shot out,
Wad wifs his father yerdet hard an' fast;
But then to die auld Cleek 'im wadna do't,
Sae wha wad be the winner there at last.

Ac chiel wad say, this day's be cawm an' fair,
For I've to hunt the stag owre hill an' plain;
While ane wad cry, my fields are briselt bare,
Sae it f'all be a sooplin teem o' rain.

Jews, Christians, Pagans, Turks, ilk set wad their
Ain creed be for to bear alone the bell;
While some blaspheming wretch wad wis there were
Nor Tartarus, Elysium, Heav'n, nor Hell.

Thus ane aye seekin' what another ugs,
In awfu' wrath they'd rise frae slave to prince,
An' burn the verra earth about their lugs,
An' end the haleware and themfells at ance.

Na, na, it winna do: the Pow'rs aboon
Maun gi'e fouk ither wills than they've e'enow,
Else they're no fit to keep them aye i' tune,
Their heads o' whig-maleeries are fae fou.

Gi'e me a wee snug house aneath a brae,
Forgainst the sun, 'mang meadows, streams, an'
trees,
An' just as muckle pelf as keep me frae
The cauldrie han' o' poverty wi' ease:

A wee wheen books, while's twa three frien's like
you,
A lively clever muse aye at my ca'

368 TO MR. JOHN JOHNSTON.

An' yon young lass, wi' een fae lovely blue,
To be my wife belyve, an' sweeten a'.

That's a' o' this warl's gear I seek, my frien';
Believe me, 'tis as true as ought in print;
An' gin I'm no to ha'e 't, then I f'all e'en
Just do the best I can to be content.

Sure, Jock, than that ye ha'e a hantle mair,
An' lang may ye enjoy't, but care or strife;
Wi' health, an' joy, an' wit, an' wisdom here,
An' a' that's happy i' the tother life.

S O N G S.

THE

PAINS OF ABSENCE.

Tune, *Plowboy.*

I.

WHERE shall I fly from sorrow?
Where find a place of rest?
When shall the bright Aurora
Once dawn within my breast.
Since absent from my jewel!
So far remov'd I roam
Each thought adds fresher fuel,
And draws a deeper groan.
So deep in love, so deep in love,
So deep in love I be;
Amanda's charms my heart disarms,
And quite have conquer'd me.

A a a

II.

All day I wander bowing
Beneath my cruel fate;
Like some poor turtle cooing,
Robb'd of his tender mate.
Amid the grove, at close of day,
I see the birds unite
Their tuneful notes on every spray,
I languish at the sight.
So deep, &c.

III.

Then seeking balmy slumber,
I close my wearied eyes,
And then, O what a number
Of fleeting phantoms rise!
Disdaining bounds, my fancy flies
Her drooping soul to cheer,
To catch a gale of ardent sighs,
Or kiss away a tear.
So deep, &c.

IV.

Sometimes I think my charmer
Lies blushing in my arms,
While heart to heart beats warmer,
Amidst a feast of charms :
But when I wake to motion,
A dream I only have,
A tempest-troubled ocean
Again I'm forc'd to brave,
So deep, &c.

V.

Ye pow'rs above ! watch over
The chaste, the loving fair,
And with your pinions cover
Her from each youthful snare.
Preserve her from the seeds of strife,
From secret calumny,
And constant as the beat of life,
Preserve her love to me.
So true in love, so true in love,
So true in love I'll be ;
Nor beauty, wealth, nor death itself
Shall ever alter me.

S O N G.

Tune, ROSLIN CASTLE.

THE Summer's Sun was sunk to rest,
And the blue skies with evening drest,
When o'er the fields I chanc'd to rove,
Through many a hallowed scene of love;
There I espy'd a blooming dame,
Who set my heart all on a flame,
When through the woods she peep'd afar,
She seem'd a meek-eyed and evening star.

A shivering transport fill'd my heart,
I found it pierc'd by Cupid's dart;
I lov'd, nor lov'd the fair in vain,
Her yielding softness sooth'd my pain,
She blushing gave her milk white han',
I led her o'er the dewy lawn,
Where she her spotless fame reveal'd,
That long had burnt for me, conceal'd.

Long pass'd our time, calm as the seas,
Unruffled by a summer's breeze,
Till Hymen's port was clearly seen,
Nor whirlpool, rock, nor shelve between.
But let not charms, nor tears, nor sighs,
Nor vows of woman man surprise;
For when as Heav'n they seem refin'd,
A stinging serpent lurks behind.

Though deep you search, tho' high you soar,
Your genius never can explore
Their various arts, which, like the sea,
That smoothest seems where quicksands be.
For, ah! when all seem'd calm repose,
The squalls of jealousy arose;
Dark clouds of anger, hate, and pride,
Inclos'd her round on every side.

She thought my compass wrongly lay,
While winds and tide did it obey,
And stern, as muttering thunder cry'd,
The gods take vengeance on thy bride.

Tho' love did all my cabin fill,
Affections hoisting every sail,
And constancy, my steady helm,
Yet waves of falsehood round me whelm;

But when they're quell'd, even while my way
Through life I steer, I still shall pray
That choicest blessings from on high
May crown her head, though false to me.
Yet by the light of reason led,
O'll scorn to sigh or droop my head;
But fraught with caution, love and glee,
Go find a richer prize than she.

DISCONSOLATE MAID.

Tune, WOLFE'S LAMENT.

BY the banks of the Esk, on a fine summer's day,
Young Mary stood sunk deep in thought ;
While the lads and the lasses were new gane away,
Wi' the weel washeen ewes to the bought ;
She heard them blythe liltin' thro' glen and thro'
grove,
And she saw them dance light o'er the green ;
Sweet innocent daffing, careffing, and love
All amang them could only be seen.

High-heav'd her bare breast with the beat of her
heart,
And the tears trickled fast frae her e'e ;
Her lily white hand tore her tresses apart,
And she flung herself down by the tree,
Crying, O cruel fortune ! how long shall I mourn
In a black rolling cloud of despair ?
O Jamie ! my love, wilt thou never return,
Like a sun-beam to chase away care !

In vain do I fly to the grove or the stream,
For the comfort and joy they once wore,
They only bring back the sweet torturing dream,
And then murmuring cry, he's no more!
In vain does the bagpipe blaw sweet thro' the shade,
Conveening the lave a' wi' glee;
While I'm only the jeer of ilk weel dawted maid,
At ease on her ain shepherd's knee.

In vain does the songsters at break o' the morn,
Delight or enliven mine ear;
Tho' I once did rejoice at the sound of the horn,
Now I start like the fair-frighted deer.
The clang of the trumpet, the gleam of claymore,
And the roar of the wide stormy sea,
Wi' a' the grim horrors and deaths of the war,
Are only companions for me.

S O N G.

Tune, PEASE STRAW.

A NEATH a brae o'erhung wi' rocks,
Ae morn I chanc'd to stray,
Where mony a score of bleeting flocks
Their merry pranks did play.

A filler mist fill'd ilka cleugh,
In mony a wave it curl'd,
And seem'd an ocean wide enough
For fails to be unfurl'd.

The moorcock whirred o'er my head,
To baf the laverocks fang ;
A burnie ran wi' rairing speed,
The founding craigs amang.

I heard a horn fu' stourly blawn,
By some far distant fwain,
A lilting pipe in the leugh lawn,
Did echo back the strain.

B b b

The hares in mony an am'rous whud,
Did scour the grafs out-through,
And far, far in a lanely wood,
I heard the cushet coo.

Frae speech I could nae mair refrain,
I figh'd and cry'd, O wow!
Wi' rapture fure I maun be flain,
My heart begins to lowe.

Has nature then fae mony charms?
Ah! then, ye thoughtless fry!
Deluded mortals! in the arms
Of sleep fae lang to lie.

Ye drown ye'r time, cause ye alledge
Keen cares infest the day;
Come here, this mountain's funny edge
Will chafe a' cares away.

It will invigor ev'ry limb,
Unclog your vitals a';
An' sen' ye hame, baith blythe an' trim,
An' healthy as the spaw.

As thus I to mysel' did croon,
A voice ca'd a' my ear,
Aneath a thorn a bit aboon,
Close by a fountain clear.

A bonny lassie, young an' fair,
And sweet as opening day,
Sat weaving garlands for her hair,
An' chanting brisk away.

I thought I wad na interrupt
A fang fae sweet and rare;
But she perceiving started up,
An' stood wi' timid air.

I said, dear damsel, be na fled,
But say gin I may speer,
What happy chofen walk aside
Brings thee so early here.

She warmly blush'd, then modestly
Said, fir, if ye'll believe,
I come the haunts of men to fly,
They only do deceive.

I tend my sheep, and sing my sang,
Contented here I rove,
Nor ever yet have thought it lang,
Nae youths but ane to love.

Young Colin, pride of shepherd fwains,
A chafely virtuous youth,
In yonder bow'r wi' meikle pains,
Has aft tald me the truth.

He, only he, to me is dear,
In this deceitful world ;
I love, he pays me back sincere,
By no rough clown controul'd.

Sometimes the twa-fac'd world I fee,
Tho' it be unco rare ;
But gracious Heav'n ! O still keep me
Frae its ilk witching snare.

I faun it a' a waste of strife,
Rough rapine, fraud an' guile ;
A wae-worn, wretched, busy life,
Where blifs can never smile.

At e'en I to my father's cote,
Wi' cannie care me hie ;
At morn comes here to wake my note,
While beauties flush the sky.

When Colin comes, then rise our joys,
Unskilled to betray,
In innocence, that never cloy,
We sing our cares away.

But yonder, yonder comes the flow'r !
What rapture fills my heart !
I gang to meet him in the bow'r ;
Sae, stranger, we must part.

I was struck dumb wi' what she said,
Nor wist what to reply ;
Yet cry'd, at such a life, dear maid !
May mortals not envy !

She said, by what I heard you sing,
I faun' the world you knew,
Where virtue bids, there bend your wing
Adieu, kind fir, adieu.

S O N G.

Tune, THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

M A R I A.

THE loud roaring keen-winged winds, how they
chace

The black heavy cloud o'er the sky ;

The dark dreary night is advancing apace,

And nothing but horror is nigh.

O Sandy, my love, can you leave the green shade,

And dare such a wild foaming main ?

Can you leave all-despairing a fond hapless maid,

Ah ! ne'er to behold her again !

Ah ! ne'er to behold her again,

Ah ! ne'er to behold her again,

Ah ! ne'er to behold her again,

Ah ! ne'er to behold her again.

S A N D Y.

From thee, lovely charmer, I rove not to stay ;

My love is for ever sincere ;

My King and my country call me away ;
Their cause on my broad-sword to bear.
Heav'n knows what I feel, when I think we must
part ;
Yet, oh ! strive to banish the pain ;
For soon to thy arms crown'd with laurels I'll dart,
To bless my Maria again.
To bless my, &c. &c.

M A R I A.

Where now are the raptures that warmed your
breast ?
Are they fled with the vows that you swore ?
What's become of the charms that you said I possess ?
Alas ! are they less than before ?
Shall the love-breathing sigh, sent so tender and sweet,
Be exchange'd for the war's dismal strain !
Shall you court stern Bellona, and kneel at her feet,
Ah ! ne'er to behold him again !
Ah ! ne'er to, &c. &c.

S A N D Y.

Here, here beats the heart, that was never so full
Of fondness and rapture as now ;

The best ruddied drop that within it can roll,
Is not half so dear, love, as you.
Fame, beauty, and wealth, on a far foreign shore,
May strive to detain me in vain ;
I'd leave crowns and kingdoms, were they in my
pow'r,
To bless my Maria again,
To bless my, &c. &c.

M A R I A.

But what are the dangers, the horrors and toils,
That on the rough ocean are found !
When the hurricane raves, and the whirlpool boils,
And the red-rending bolts whiz around !
And then on the field ; Oh ! I shake when I think
On the blood-streaming hills of the slain ;
When my blooming hero among them shall sink,
Ah ! ne'er to behold me again !
Ah ! ne'er to, &c. &c.

S A N D Y.

Away with these doubts, and these fears, O my fair !
No hardship shall make me repine ;

I'll rush on my foes, and I'll chace away care,
 Inspir'd by thy image divine.

Tho' war's bloody rage shall her thousands destroy,
 And crimson the sea and the plain ;

Yet love and kind heav'n will preserve thy dear boy,
 To bless his Maria again,
 To bless his, &c. &c.

But now, now the vessel prepares to depart,
 One sweet soft embrace and I fail.—

Now I must—must away—Heav'ns! O my torn
 heart,
 Maria—Maria—Farewel.—

M A R I A.

Farewel—dearest Sandy—Farewel—oh! that word
 Is fraught with unspeakable pain!

Fate will have it so—Heav'n smile on thy sword,
 And send thee soon safe back again.

And send thee soon safe back again,

And send thee soon safe back again,

And send thee soon safe back again,

And send thee soon safe back again.

S O N G.

Tune, EWE-BOUGHTS MARION.

THE skies were fair and ruddy,
Ae bonny night o' May,
The sun half seen, half-cloudy,
Was setting sweet and gay ;

The little birds completely
Sang thro' ilk glen and grove,
Made hill and dale fou sweetly
Re-echo strains of love.

'Bout work I was na' carin',
I walk'd the fields to see ;
While bonny youthfu' Marion
Did bear me company.

Ye gods ! what dazzling splendor
Beam'd from her brilliant eyes,
Sure Sol wants half the grandeur,
When first he gilds the skies !

Her hand I gently pressed,
A balmy kiss I stole;
But while I thus trespassed,
She stole both heart and soul.

Say then, each feeling fair one,
Say, what could I have done?
Without the help of Marion
My glass must soon be run.

I cry'd, "for you I languish;
"For you I'm torn with pain;
"'Tis you can cure this anguish;
"O save a dying swain."

She sigh'd, look'd down, and blush'd,
With different passions fill'd;
O'er all her face charms rush'd,
The like I ne'er beheld.

Then sweeter far than breezes,
That from Arabia blow,
She said the torment eases,
I too have felt thy woe.

Can I, can I e'er torture

The very boy I love!

Ah! no, sure such a nature

Is scorn'd by all above.

Come then, come then, O Colin!

Here to thy arms I fly;

All Nature fwears we're willing,

In love we'll live and die.

S O N G.

Tune, JACK'S ALIVE.

YOUNG blinkin' Johnny, as blyth as ony,

Gaed ae day out to meet his crony;

The day was funny, he saw a bonny

Young Lads come skimerin' by;

The smirkin girl, like glancin' pearl,

Made a' his young heartstrings to dirl;

He made a whirl, and wi' a skirl,

Thus after her did cry.

O bonny Lafs! O canny Lafs!
Let me along wi' thee but pafs;
For by thy dress I plainly guess
Thou's gawn a makin' hay.
I'll follow thee whare'er it be,
Though 'tware ayont the moon or sea,
Sae but agree to let it be;
She leugh, cries, Come away.

Like ane destracket his thumbs he cracket,
And roun' her waist his arms he clappet,
His lips ware drucket sae fast he smacket,
O wow! but he was fain!
The flow'r o' Lasses he now caresses,
He had nae room for higher bleeses,
His greatest wishes were routh o' kisses,
That fell like speats o' rain.

They min't nae hay, but a' the day
To Cupid they did homage pay,
'Till Phoebus gay his setting ray
At last upon them threw.
She gravely said, I am afraid,
Dear Jock, thy love soon, soon shall fade,
Then me, poor maid, when thus betray'd,
Maun fairly sigh an' rue.

O no, my Deary! he cry'd, be cheery,
'Bout that be neither fled nor eery,
The night is dreary but dinna weary,
The Morn f'all be the day.

Whan like thy father and much-lov'd mither,
The Priest shall tie us fast thegither,
Then 'till my heart shall split an' shiver,
In wedlock we will play.

How happy we then baith f'all be,
In rural sweet felicity,
In love an' glee, baith to agree,
Is a' for what we'll strive.

In wealth we'll grow, and virtues too,
While sweet content shall richly flow,
To kill ilk woe, that you may know,
While your ain Jock's alive.

THE

YOUNG MAN'S FAREWEL.

Tune, LOCHABER NO MORE.

THY clear winding streams now, O Esk! I must
leave,

That oft to my bosom, sweet solace did give;
Thy soft humming billows shall chear me no more,
Now destin'd by Fortune to a foreign shore.
Oft, oft on thy flow'ry green banks I have stray'd,
And flung all my cares to the breeze as it play'd;
Oft filled with raptures I've been as I rov'd,
Among thy green bow'rs with the fair one I lov'd.

Ye rocks, woods, high mountains, and wide spread-
ing plains,
Made sweet by the music of milk-maids and swains;
Ye rural abodes, where I ever could see
Love, friendship, and innocent humorous glee;
All, all now for ever, alas! I must leave,
But one thing more sharply my bosom doth grieve,
The sweet smiling Phillis, the flow'r of all store,
Alas! I shall never behold her once more.

Ye dark mazy walks, ye fresh meadows and groves,
The scenes made so sacred by our tender loves,
Ye all now can witness how blest and how gay
I've been with that charmer by night or by day.
And am I torn from her? O what a distress!
To leave an elysium of pleasure like this,
For a barb'rous country, far distant and wild,
From which all that's pleasing is ever exil'd.
O what are the feelings! O what are the pains!
That my overflowing heart ever contains!
Ye pow'rs! then support me wherever I rove,
And give me each virtue instead of my love!
Come then let me rush on the wild foaming wave,
In some foreign country to find out a grave;
The Fates have decreed it, 'tis vain to rebel;
Farewel, friends, foes, Eskdale; Dear Phyllis, fare-
wel.

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E R R A T A.

Page 13 line 18	<i>for rear, read roar.</i>
16	2 <i>f.</i> its, <i>r.</i> her.
25	1 <i>f.</i> the, <i>r.</i> her.
31	4 <i>f.</i> fultry, <i>r.</i> filthy.
—	6 <i>f.</i> And scent each scar, and bid her mock controul, <i>r.</i> Anoint each wound, and bid her mock controul.
51	14 <i>f.</i> and, <i>r.</i> an.
67	13 <i>f.</i> trickling <i>r.</i> twinkling.
69	8 <i>f.</i> Thy life the glancing meteor twinkling thro' the gloom, <i>r.</i> Thy life the meteor glancing thro' the gloom.
72	17 <i>after shall, add she.</i>
78	23 <i>f.</i> far, <i>r.</i> fair.
84	20 <i>after shall, omit never.</i>
88	7 <i>f.</i> the, <i>r.</i> her.
146	12 <i>f.</i> heat, <i>r.</i> host.
153	5 <i>after true, add, in youth..</i>
229	2 <i>f.</i> in, <i>r.</i> ere.
285	19 <i>f.</i> Effaying thrice to speak the full tide, <i>r.</i> Effaying thrice to speak the full, full tide.
295	12 <i>f.</i> guilt, <i>r.</i> guile.
310	2 <i>f.</i> He sweetly slumbers heaving on her breast, <i>r.</i> He sweetly slumbers on her heaving breast.
337	2 <i>f.</i> to, <i>r.</i> 'till.
362	6 <i>f.</i> those, <i>r.</i> thou.
353	9 <i>f.</i> Tamie, <i>r.</i> Jamie.

T. SCOTT gratefully acknowledges his obligations to his Subscribers, and hopes he shall be forgiven if any of their names are omitted in the list. *The Present State of Affairs in Britain* (once proposed) he has thought proper to leave for those better acquainted with it.

